

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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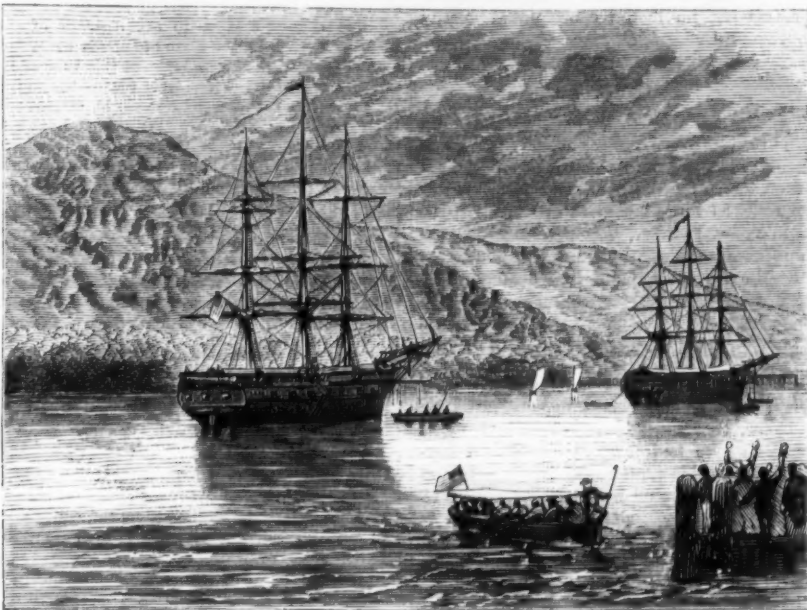
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NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1868.

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The Democratic Nominee.

THE interesting question of "Who shall contest the Presidential prize against General Grant?" will soon be decided, and the great quadrennial campaign be fairly opened. Who that candidate, in our opinion, ought to be, our readers already know, and that a strong effort will be made by the more conservative and respectable men of the Democratic party is certain. But there is a "rule or ruin" faction in the West, made up chiefly of the Vallandighams and Pomeroyes, who during the war lent all the aid and support they possibly could to the rebels, consistent with keeping their precious persons outside the field of action. This faction insist that the Democratic party shall identify itself absolutely with all their crotchets, including repudiation, and assume the odium which justly attaches to their name and past conduct. They insist on the nomination of a man who was in Congress during a great part of the war, and who steadily opposed every measure designed to make that war successful—who never uttered a sentiment that a patriot could applaud in his whole public career, and who has only been distinguished since that career closed as the advocate of measures that would cover the nation with dishonor. As we have said, this faction is determined to "rule or ruin," and if it cannot secure the nomination of Mr. Pendleton, will shrink at

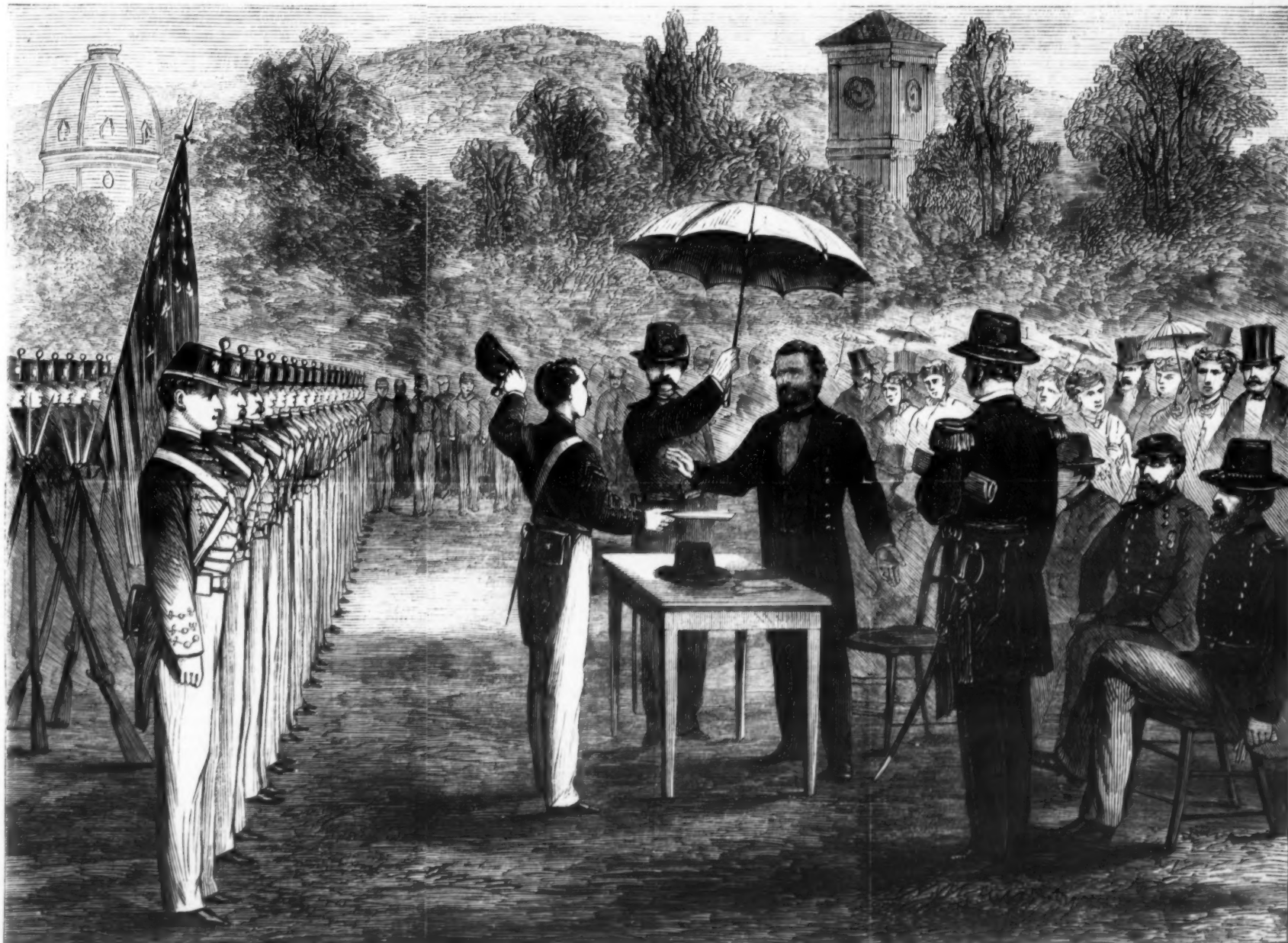


THE NAVAL ACADEMY FLEET LYING OFF WEST POINT—THE MIDSHIPMEN LANDING, JUNE 14TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 243.

no means of defeating the nomination of Mr. Chase. It is not unlikely that it will so direct its efforts as to fix the choice of the Convention on some man of the "poor Pierce" type—on Hendricks, or Parker, or Hancock, or some other make-shift.

For the sake of the country at large, and for the honor of the American name, we hope the Convention will suffer no dictation at the hands of this faction, which, with all its noise and bluster, has no real control of the votes of the people whom it claims to represent. The defection of a few of these treason-stained supporters of Pendleton would be more than made up by the tens of thousands who would prefer to see a statesman rather than a soldier at the head of the Government. This class will certainly go for Grant and Colfax, in case any other man except Mr. Chase is presented by the Democracy. Pendleton is a copperhead and a repudiator. Hancock is a respectable soldier, and nothing more, neither better nor worse than a hundred other generals of our army, who has given no evidence whatever of fitness for civil duties. Hendricks is a mediocre Senator, a respectable nonentity. English is simply nobody—and as for the rest, they are not worth mentioning. The nomination of any of these would leave the Presidential course free for Grant, with his great and deserved popularity, to walk over.

Our advocacy of the nomination of Mr. Chase consists in this, that with such nomi-



GRADUATING CEREMONIES AT THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.—GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT PRESENTING THE DIPLOMAS TO THE GRADUATES, JUNE 15TH, 1868.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 243.

nation we shall feel assured of the results of the war, and of the final settlement of all its issues. With his election we shall be equally sure that the Government will be conducted with firmness and dignity, in conformity with the spirit of the age, and requirements of events. We want the Democratic party formally to recognize the logic of facts, and put itself in a position where it can be useful to the country. We want to see a healthful and strong minority in Congress, commanding the respect, if not the confidence, of the people, as a check on unbounded power and extreme partisan legislation. This can be accomplished with Mr. Chase as a candidate, even if he should fail in securing the Presidency. It is doubtful whether his great name and influence would be sufficient to put the Democracy in power this Fall; but he would put it in a position to succeed hereafter, on issues sure to spring up in the future. Nothing but the blindest fatuity can prevent his nomination.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Frauds on the Revenue.

WHETHER the recent conviction in Brooklyn of Callicott, Enright and Allen, of frauds on the Revenue, and their severe sentence, will tend to check the abuses of which they were found guilty, remains to be seen. Callicott was at one time Speaker of the New York House of Assembly, and was Collector of the Eastern District of New York when he perpetrated the frauds that have sent him to the Penitentiary for two years, and mulcted him in a fine of \$10,000, and imprisonment until paid. The same punishment has just been awarded to one John H. Anderson, late Collector of the Fourth District of Virginia, for a similar offense. Three of his accomplices were also convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$5,000.

These men are a few of many, and have been unfortunate in having been caught, while their coadjutors in corruption and fraud, more cunning than themselves, or possessing greater influence, have escaped. There are dozens of assessors and collectors in this city, and elsewhere in rich districts, who were men of moderate means and habits a few years ago, when they sought and obtained office, who now have lands, and houses, and horses, and whose wives and daughters are ablaze with diamonds, and some who do not think it worth while to stoop to pick up such small sums as \$17,000 in greenbacks when "lying about loose."

Mr. Schenck has tried to remedy the wholesale swindling now going on, by an entire reorganization of the Revenue service, and by altering the mode of appointments. But Congress does not seem inclined to accept his suggestions. Meantime Mr. Rollins, Commissioner of the Revenue, has resigned his position, in a letter in which he says that the service is full of incompetent, irresponsible, and unprincipled men, appointed on partisan grounds and for political purposes. Many of these were appointed immediately after that great political *fiasco*, the Philadelphia Convention of 1866, and for the purpose of aiding the abortive movement originating with it. "They were," says Mr. Rollins, "induced by political considerations, and produced a sad blow to the reputation and efficiency of the Revenue service. They were made during a recess of Congress, and in all cases regardless of my wishes as Commissioner."

In conclusion, Mr. Rollins adds: "In brief, Mr. Secretary, the Revenue laws, even in the most important localities, are badly administered by officers either dishonest or incompetent, appointed without my approval, and whose removal I see no hope of securing."

Success.

We can think of no word in our language so misapplied as the above. What is generally called success, is nothing of the sort, and quite the opposite. One hears of successful men, because they have accumulated money, attained offices—and especially of those who have out a figure in the army or in Congress. And then comes the successful (!) artists, or *litterateurs*, who are the objects of envy to those not accepted by the popular fancy; and a confidential acquaintance with them reveals the fact, that, of all men, they regard themselves as most unsuccessful and unappreciated!

We know of men in New York city, whose names are oftentimes seen in the newspapers associated with public and laudable enterprises, whom young fools imagine to be forever basking in the sunshine of their own self-approbation, when in fact they are dissatisfied, disappointed, and the unhappiest men in the commun-

ity. Advanced beyond their deserts through the caprices of blind Fortune, men of wealth enjoy far less than does the humble mechanic carrying home his week's wages. The unseemly ambition of vulgar, ignorant, and oftentimes very young men, for judicial offices, carries with it its own retribution; and we have in mind such who vainly yearn for the happiness and contentment which they foolishly thought accompanied high places.

Contentment! Ah, that is the word; and without that, there is no success! And in the walks of virtue, all men may find it; elsewhere it is not attainable. All in vain does the miser heap up his stores; all in vain does the seeker for applause spout on the hustings, or purchase the willing pen of the needy editor; and the soldier chase

"The bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth." All—all find too late that success lies not in the ways they have chosen. That only which CONTENTS a man, when youth and follies are past, can be accounted success, and all else is failure.

A wise and most blessed Roman magistrate, so far as worldly prosperity goes, said to those congratulating him on his triumphal entry of Rome, "Let no man be accounted happy before he dies."

Clubs.

THE discredit of the collapse of the Athenæum Club in this city is another evidence that clubs are not indigenous to the American soil, although we are quite sure that a hybrid institution such as the Athenæum attempted to be would fail anywhere. About nine years ago several well-meaning but not very wise men made the absurd attempt to unite in a club-house good morals, respectability, etc., with the petty vices and amiable follies practiced by men of leisure and fashion. We were told by the projectors that the feature of the Athenæum would be aesthetic and yet convivial; that no irreproachable would be its character, that Christian mothers and wives would be glad to know their sons and husbands were within its influence; and we believe at its outset reverend men offered prayer at weekly meetings, while at the same time many of the rooms were dedicated to pastimes and club practices, without which members could not be got. One does not deserve credit for great foresight in predicting that a false pretense and hypocritical sham such as that could not survive many years.

A club, if it succeeds, must be just what the clubs of London are: the refuge and asylum of men of the town, who, through misfortune, have no attractive homes, and, wanting sweethearts or wives, rightly enough seek diversion and pleasure in indulgences which may be practiced with impunity in a club-house, among faithful friends. Let other adolescent clubs take warning from the downfall of the Athenæum, and never seek to improve upon the old-fashioned immoral club. We have sometimes thought that the majority of New York club members look vastly like jilted men!

The Chase Platform.

The Washington papers state that the following summary of the views of Mr. Chase was presented to and endorsed by him as "correct." This is what the Democracy must come up to, if he is to be their candidate. We shall see:

Universal suffrage is recognized as a democratic principle, the application of which is to be left to the several States under the Constitution of the United States. Universal amnesty and the complete removal of all disabilities on account of participation in the late rebellion, are not only wise and just measures of public policy, but essentially necessary to the beneficial administration of the Government in the States recently in civil war with the United States, and to the full and satisfactory reestablishment of the practical relations of those States with the other States of the American Union. No military government over any State of the Union in time of peace is compatible with the principles of civil liberty established by the Constitution, nor can the trial of private citizens by military commissions be tolerated by a people zealous of their freedom and desiring to be free. Taxes should be reduced as far as practicable, collected impartially and with strict economy, and so apportioned as to bear on wealth rather than upon labor; and while all national obligations should be honestly and exactly fulfilled, no special privileges should be allowed to any classes or individual corporations.

Matters and Things.

THE population of Chicago is made up of 98,964 Americans, 92,433 Germans, 45,543 Irishmen, 10,520 Englishmen and Scotchmen, 10,992 Scandinavians, 9,144 persons of other nationalities.—The legislative body of France has adopted a bill by which the telegraph charges in that country are to be reduced one-half.—Some interesting experiments in field-fortification are reported in the French papers as having taken place at the camp of instruction, at Saint Maur. Five battalions of Zouaves and of heavy infantry—about 6,000 in all—were employed for the purpose, and furnished with picks and shovels, in addition to their ordinary equipment. Having arrived upon the ground, the troops were deployed, and a strong body of skirmishers were thrown to the front. The staff officers rapidly reconnoitred the ground and marked out the line of intrenchments. The men, stacking their arms, at once began to dig, while the skirmishers in front, lying on their bellies,

kept up a strong fire, as if to hold an enemy in check. The diggers worked by twos, a pickman and a shovelman helping each other. In eight minutes a trench and embankment six thousand five hundred feet in length, and affording a cover fifty-nine inches high, had been completed. The skirmishers were then called in by the bugle, while the troops laid down their tools and resumed their arms, and were ready to receive an attack.—The enterprising S. N. Pike, who built an opera-house once in Cincinnati, and has just completed another in this city, proposes to lay the public under further obligations to him by constructing a race-course in New Jersey on the marshes between the Passaic and Hackensack rivers.—For ornamentation, electricity is coming into use. You may see at a fashionable ball in Paris a lady, on the top of whose head sits a butterfly or a humming-bird. The fly and the bird flutter their wings in the most natural way possible. How is it managed? Why, within the chignon are concealed a small battery and a minute Rhumkorff coil. On the bosom of another may be a brooch, with a head upon it, the eyes of which turn in all directions. This, too, is accomplished by the use of a battery and coil so minute as to be concealed within the brooch itself. These small batteries, easily carried about the person, are the invention of M. Trouvé. The batteries of zinc, excited by solution of sulphate of mercury, are enclosed in vulcanite cells, so that the exciting solution cannot escape, to the damage of the wearer.—In 1810, the State of Illinois contained a population of 12,282; in 1818—at the time of its admission into the Union as a State—25,220; in 1820, 55,211; in 1830, 157,445; in 1840, 476,183; in 1850, 861,470; in 1855, 1,306,576; in 1860, 1,711,951. The exact increase since 1860 we have no means of ascertaining, but the ratio has been no less, certainly, than during the preceding decades, although within that time Illinois furnished over 264,000 soldiers to sustain the flag of our common country.—The result of the Paris Exhibition, in showing the superiority of foreign workmen and manufactures over those of England, has excited great apprehensions in the latter country. The subject has been discussed in Parliament, and several plans have been proposed to restore their former prestige. In many articles of manufacture, particularly wool, silk, lace and iron, England can hardly compete with Europe. It is true both her exports and imports have doubled within a few years, but they are mainly raw material sent abroad to be manufactured. The cause of this decline is held by the best authorities to be the superior technical training of foreign workmen. Some stress is also laid upon the dishonesty of many English manufacturers, who make an inferior class of goods, and thus lower their standing abroad. English middle-class education made scarcely any advance in the last thirty years, and the standard of intelligence is very low. This is the real cause of the inferiority of her workmen, as technical instruction is of little value without proper elementary education.—The notorious Vallandigham, through the Dayton *Ledger*, administers a sharp rebuke to those Democratic newspapers that are opening the canvass by assaults upon the capacity and military services of Gen. Grant. He speaks of this as "the weakest and most foolish thing that the Democratic press or Democratic orators can do." The strength of the Democracy in the canvass, he thinks, lies in the fact that the country wants a statesman, rather than a soldier, for President. So do we.

—A Democratic journal in Massachusetts says: "Success is the thing to go after. We can win with Chase, certain; there is doubt with other leaders named." The best evidence of the soundness of this policy is to be found in the fact that the Republicans have just nominated as their candidate for the Presidency a gentleman who was never anything but a War Democrat, and never voted any but a Democratic ticket in his life. They have taken him solely because they thought they could win with him; and it will not be for them to blame the Democrats should they follow their example.

THE *Sun*, reviewing the political field, observes with truth, that the Chase movement is nothing more nor less than the recognition of the existence of palpable historic facts, and the manifestation of a disposition to adapt the future policy of the Democratic party to the new order of things. The question, therefore, which presses upon the attention of its leaders, is simply this: Will they, as did Jackson and his coadjutors in 1830, accept the situation, and by reorganizing on a broader and more liberal basis, prepare to govern the country for the coming twenty-five years? or, following the example of the Federalists of the Jeffersonian period, will they, by attempting to infuse life and animation into dead controversies, ignobly fall and pass into oblivion?

THE *Tribune* has a thorn in the side of General Halpine, better known as "Miles O'Reilly," of the *Citizen*, who now goes for the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. He publishes daily an extract from a Grant song, by the gallant "Miles," at the head of its political column, as follows:

So, boys! a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant—
For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant!
And if asked what State he hails from,
This our sole reply shall be,
"From near Appomattox Court-House,
With its famous apple-tree!"
For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight—
Now, boys, "To Grant for President,
And God defend the right!"

JUSTICE MILLER, of the Supreme Court of the State of Nevada, has rendered a decision in which he declares it is unconstitutional for a State to levy a tax upon persons living in the State who may wish to get out of it, or upon persons not residing in it who may have occasion to pass through it. He said in his decision, that,

as members of the same community, we must have the right to pass and repass through every part of the United States without interruption, and a bar imposed by a State for entering its territories or harbors is inconsistent with the rights which belong to citizens of other States as members of the Union, and with the objects which that Union was intended to attain. Some of our city papers think this decision must affect the State of Camden and Amboy, sometimes called New Jersey—but they forget that New Jersey is a foreign country.

HAD it not been for the moral effect abroad, we do not doubt that nine-tenths of our people would have rejoiced had the rebels taken and burned Washington, as they so often threatened and tried to do. Mr. Logan proposed to take up the public buildings bodily and put them down somewhere "out West." We hardly think the plan feasible, and only regret it can't be done, for we fully agree with the *Post*, that "the site of Washington is the worst known, and of itself predestines the place to depend entirely on the Government for support. It is so hot in summer that the most necessary legislation is neglected in order to get away from it. It is dusty; its natural features are ugly, and this effect is heightened by sixty years' work of the genius of ugliness freely expending the resources of the nation. It is now, complete, the most uncomfortable, unhealthy, and unsightly capital in Christendom.

PROF. LONGFELLOW, the poet, has met a most flattering reception in England, where his reputation as a writer is as fully recognized as at home. The University of Cambridge has made him a D.C.L., Doctor of Civil Law, which he was informed of in a Latin speech from the Vice-Chancellor of the University. We suppose the University intended this as a compliment, and it really seems to have been the only one they were able to give. But why we should dub a Poet, Doctor of Laws, any more than Judge or General, is not clear. If we must have complimentary titles to dispose of to deserving or popular literary men, let them at least be apposite; say F.C.P., First-Class Poet, or G.S.T., Great Story Teller, for Sylvanus Cobb and Mr. Dickens; T.T., Thundering Traveler, for Mr. Du Chaillu and Ross Brown; A.E., Able Editor, for Horace Greeley and the conductor of this paper, and so on. But why should we solemnly declare Mr. Longfellow a Doctor of Laws, because he sung the song of Hiawatha, is not clear.

THE unanimous confirmation of Mr. Beverdy Johnson as Minister to England, and of General Schofield as Secretary of War, should teach the President that he has only to pursue a high and manly course, appoint good men, and cease a useless hostility to Congress, in order to carry out successfully the legitimate objects of Government. As observed by the *Times*:

"It only needs that the President should exercise some discretion and judgment till the end of his term, to enable him to leave his office with a great deal more respect and credit than he will do if the wrangle and jangle is kept up with Congress till its close. And we have no doubt that Congress will be a great deal more reasonable in its dealings with him, if he show himself possessed of a reasonable spirit of compromise. If he cannot now do the country much good, he can even yet save it from a great deal of harm."

SENATOR DOOLITTLE and his Southern friends should come to an understanding on the subject of the negro. He maintains that Sambo is dying out, and that freedom, and especially the suffrage, will be the death of him. He declares also that "the Almighty has given the temperate zone to the temperate man." This is hard on the President, Patterson, Saulsbury and Yates, who evidently ought to emigrate to the Equator or the Pole, if they would recognize the designs of the Almighty as revealed through Doolittle!

On the other hand, the *Richmond Enquirer* maintains that freedom and the suffrage will tend to promote the multiplication of the negro, who will become educated and prosperous, while the white race in the South will run out, and become poorer and more ignorant than ever. It says:

"Owing to the poverty of the whites and the superior advantages afforded the blacks by the Bureau and by the Abolition societies of the North, the probability, nay, the almost certainty, is, that the end of the century will see a race of educated and prosperous blacks in the midst of a race of ignorant, squalid, and nearly barbarous whites."

We shall not undertake to decide between these philosophers, but insist that they should settle upon a common hypothesis, as the oracles of a common cause. Let us, at least, have consistency, if we cannot have common sense.

THEATRICAL ODDS AND ENDS.

It would seem that the name of the New Stadt Theatre is henceforth a misnomer. It is no longer to imply that the Teutonic drama shall be forever located in its precincts. The old theatrical favorite of the swarming thousands of the native population in and round New York's great eastern thoroughfare—Mr. Eddy, has for a brief space entered upon its management. Full-blooded tragedy and startling melodrama are now reigning upon its boards in the good old Saxon tongue. Teutich is no longer heard in its boxes and parquet, while *Schweitzer Kase* and *Lager* are no more the refreshments affected by its patrons after the enjoyment of Horn, Guteskow, or perchance Schiller.

The opening piece was a new drama, taken from the French—not one-half of our new dramas taken from the French—by Mr. Schwab.

Its sensational elements were pronounced, yet by no means more so than scores of pieces which have won favor in Broadway, while in the manner of its rendering and the style of its diction, Mr. Schwab may fairly claim an equality with the very best of his Western sensational brethren.

His piece is named "The Phantom Captain."

The scene is laid in France, and afterward in Spain. *Cesar de Caboncel* is the hero, and naturally, by right of talent as well as management, fell into the hands of Mr. Eddy.

It would be needless at the present day to discuss the

claims of Mr. Eddy as an artist. Whatever his faults may be, he is certainly one of our most original and effective actors. At times somewhat too energetic and unduly vigorous, we have seen him in many characters in which it would be difficult for the most capacious critic to name his equal. From the numerous parts which he has been necessitated to study and perform, owing to the constant change compelled upon him by the habits of the Bowery, he is, however, singularly uneven in his excellence. We had, therefore, no small pleasure in recognizing the genuine merit of this performance. His company was a fairly good one, and assisted him in doing justice to the work.

Upon Wednesday last the Worrell Sisters produced "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" for the first time in an American dress—we presume we ought to say in the English language—at the New York Theatre.

It has been adapted by Mr. Baker, the stage manager of the house, and reflects great credit upon him for preserving the dramatic point and fashion of the French, while we may scarcely consider that he has realized its debauched *espiguerie*. We are aware that this may be imputed to him as a merit. If so, it might be wished that the company should preserve a certain degree of consistency with his translation. However, it must be confessed that such merit would in our eyes be but an equivocal one. If "La Grande Duchesse" in its original form could be tolerated by our leading society—if it could present nothing objectionable to ladies and domesticates of the Fifth Avenue in its French garb, in heaven's name, let it be given to those who do not understand that fashionable tongue, with the whole of its amusing impropriety and *double-entendre* faithfully preserved. If we are to laugh with Offenbach's *maître*, and the French words to which it is wedded, let the more hapless, and not one whit more moral ignorance of the city have a chance of laughing at it undisturbed—the more especially as the members of the company, the fair Worrells and all, feel compelled to give the edge to its language, which Mr. Baker has so semi-righteously, but injudiciously, deprived it of, in some measure, we presume, to compensate for the lack of that tact and *esprit* Mr. Bateman's admirable company displayed in it. Granting that the *Duchesse*, or *Prince Paul*, or *Wanda*, or *Frits*, or *General Boun*, at the French Theatre, may not have possessed first-rate voices, they, at any rate, sang respectably and acted admirably—two points which, we regret to say, can scarcely be registered in favor of their American imitators.

The "Lottery of Life" draws crowds to Wallack's Theatre, nightly, to the satisfaction of Messrs. Brougham and Wallack.

At Niblo's Garden, "The White Fawn" is on its last legs, or rather on the last legs of Mlle. de Rosa and its other dancers.

"Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic, seems to be deathless. It has been reconstructed.

Every night "A Flash of Lightning" reveals more and more Greenbacks in the treasury at the Broadway Theatre.

The Bryants give us the "Lottery of Time; or, the Policy Office of Existence," an injunction to look out for a "Flash of Jersey Lightning."

No postponement on account of the weather is announced at the Central Park Garden. It would be a work of difficulty to settle the period of postponement for a daily concert.

ART GOSSIP.

The exhibition of the Academy of Design closed on June 20th, after a season somewhat briefer than usual, but yet a tolerably successful one, considering the persistently bad weather that prevailed throughout most of the time during which the galleries were open to the public. On reference to our catalogue we find that a few of our marginal notes have not yet been transferred to this column, and with these we shall now wind up our notice of the exhibition.

Looking over the etchings that hang in the corridor, we find there several views on the Thames, executed by Mr. J. M. Whistler, an American artist, for some time past residing in London. These etchings are very forcible in style, reminding one much of the same artist's paintings, of which vigor rather than delicacy is the prevailing characteristic.

Mr. R. S. Gifford also exhibits etchings executed in a free and bold style: one of these is a composition of "Canadian Fishing Boats," 32. The other gives a good representation of "Storm-beaten Trees on Martha's Vineyard," 29.

A "Wood Scene," 33, is a very crisp and effective etching by Miss Josephine Walters; and the same mood of praise may be awarded to "Pass of St. Gothard," 34, executed in that style by Mrs. Greatorex.

Returning to the paintings, we find a pleasant bit of Massachusetts autumnal scenery in the "Farm Lane," 54, by Mr. Alfred Ordway, who is making steady progress in the landscape branch.

"The Ducal Palace—Venice," 60, by Mr. D. Huntington, President of the Academy, has pleasant, pearly tones, and the architectural details are put in with a bold and suggestive hand.

A striking though somewhat florid portrait of Mr. H. P. Gray, the Vice-President of the Academy, is one by Mr. G. A. Baker, number 65.

Heretofore we have mentioned in favorable terms the works contributed to the Academy exhibitions by Miss C. M. Clowes, who makes a specialty of cattle-pieces. "Groups of Cattle," 259, is the only work by which this promising artist is exhibited at the exhibition under notice. The grouping of the cattle is perhaps the best point in this composition, which is painted in a somewhat dingy tone with regard to the landscape.

For literal rendering there is merit to be discerned in "An Abandoned Homestead," 354, from the pencil of Mr. J. Brevoort.

A large landscape by Mr. Clinton Ogilvie, "Lake Maggiore from near Baveno," 409, has some good passages of atmospheric effect, and portions of the foreground are painted with truth and feeling.

Mr. Edward Gay contributes a fresh and pleasant picture, entitled "Morning—Arlington Valley, Vt., 414. The foreground, water and weeds, especially, are treated with knowledge and deftness of touch.

Looking into the sculpture-room, we find some pieces that are worthy of consideration. Miss Mary Bradshaw displays promise in her idealization of "Fyche," 541. There is character, and truthful likeness, in Mr. C. Calverley's medallion portrait of Mr. C. L. Elliott, the well-known painter, 545. Mr. Kuntze exhibits "Puck on the War-Path," 559, a quaint conception of the grotesque, to which we have previously referred in favorable terms. The Indian statuette groups of Miss Edminia Lewis display more of ambition than of anatomical knowledge, and it might be well for that young student of art to select simpler subjects at present for the exercise of her developing talents. A small bust of "Minnehaha," 545, is the best of Miss Lewis's contributions. A clever head of a child is "Portrait Bust," 552, by Mr. Byron M. Pickett; and the sweetly classical head of "Enone," 553, by the same sculptor, to which we previously devoted some notice while it was in his studio, has been greatly admired by visitors to the galleries. "Portrait Bust" of a lady, 553, by Mr. Launt Thompson, is a good example of the combined spirit and delicacy by which that popular artist has so decidedly made his mark.

The Visit of the Naval Academy Fleet to West Point—The Graduating Exercises of the U. S. Military Academy—General Grant Presenting the Diplomas to the Graduating Cadets.

The ceremony of awarding diplomas to the graduating class at the U. S. Military Academy of West Point, on the 18th June, was attended by circumstances

of unusual interest. For the first time the pupils of the two great Naval and Military Academies of the Republic were formally, and in a body, brought together under the inspiring influences of a holiday introduction. The presence of General Grant added to the imposing nature of the occasion. On Sunday, the 14th of June, the three practice-ships of the Naval Academy the Savannah, the Macedonian and the Dale, arrived and anchored in the stream, opposite the picturesque and hill-crowned point. At 2 P. M. the next day the midshipmen came ashore, and were formally received by the cadets with military honors. As they marched together, the boys in blue and the boys in gray, to the parade-ground, with bands playing, colors flying, and thousands of spectators gazing and cheering—the ladies, of course, most numerous and most conspicuous in their rich attire—the scene was enlivening beyond description.

Upon reaching the general parade, the cadets and their visitors, with the officers of the Academy, were marshaled into proper formation for the exercises attendant on the award of diplomas. The following order will exhibit the details of the ceremony:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., June 13th, 1868.
(Special Orders No. 69.)

The presentation of diplomas to the graduating class will take place to-day at 3 o'clock. At 2:30 P. M. the corps of cadets will move from the South Wharf under the command of Post-Commodore H. W. Black, as an escort to the battalion of midshipmen, to the general parade, where the ceremony will take place as follows, to wit:

1. Formation on the general parade. First class to be represented and arms stacked.
2. Music, by the Naval Academy Band.
3. Awarding of Diplomas to the Graduating Class of Cadets, by General U. S. Grant, Commanding the Army.
4. Music, by the Military Academy Band.
5. Address, by Professor Henry Coffey, L. L. D., Secretary of the Board of Visitors.
6. Benediction, by the Chaplain.
7. Federal salute (13 guns) from the siege battery.
8. Return of the two battalions to the front of the barracks, where they will be dismissed.
9. At the close of the evening parade, the Corps of Cadets, under the command of Brevet Colonel B. M. Blackwell, will escort the battalion of Midshipmen to the South Wharf.

Brevet Brigadier-General PITCHER.
EDWARD C. BOYNTON,
Brevet Major and Adjutant.

After the formation on the parade-ground, Gen. Grant, in full uniform, advanced to a temporary desk erected on the sward. Gen. Pitcher, Superintendent, and Brevet Major Boynton, Adjutant, stood beside the desk and selected the diplomas. The cadets, each in turn as his name was called, advanced, cap in hand, and received his diploma from the hands of the general. This ceremony over, the band played a tune, after which Professor Coffey, the orator of the day, delivered an appropriate and eloquent address.

The day of excitement and pleasure was magnificently closed by a ball in the hall of the cadets' mess, at which the embryo heroes, naval and military, and their fair friends and guests, gave full rein to the spirit of festivity.

Terrible Explosion of the Boiler of the Steam Fire Engine No. 1, Amoskeag, in Front of the Bowery Theatre, Bowery, New York City, June 18.

A NEW peril, a danger hitherto unsuspected and ignored, has been introduced, with fearful accompaniments of death and destruction, to civilized communities. The comparatively recent adoption of steam as a motive power in combating conflagrations has been considered an experiment so successful, that the old system has generally been discarded in large cities, and the Steam Fire Engine has been recognized as a valuable agent for the protection of property from the fiery scourge. For the first time this mechanical servant of man has proved itself a destroyer as well as a minister of safety, and hereafter upon its record, as upon that of most other contrivances of enlightenment for the convenience and protection of society, the stain of blood must rest.

At nine o'clock, on the evening of the 18th June, a fire was discovered on the premises No. 53 Bowery, almost immediately opposite the Bowery Theatre. No. 9 Company, located in East Broadway, near Catharine street, in charge of Stuart Carson, Foreman, and Patrick W. Hand, Engineer, was among the first to reach the scene.

The engine used on this occasion was not the one usually in charge of Company 9, but was the original No. 1, Amoskeag Engine, the first of the pattern built for the Metropolitan Fire Department. It took up its position close to the side-walk, immediately in front of the pit-door of the Bowery Theatre. The fire was speedily subdued, without considerable damage to the premises, and an order was given to "take up," just as the act-drop fell in the theatre, and a crowd of men and boys came thronging through the doors into the street. At this instant, when the engine was surrounded by the dense and surging mass of humanity, the explosion occurred. The effects were terrible. As if heaved from the grasp of a Titan, the ponderous machine was hurled upward, turned in mid-air, and came crashing down, wheels upward, with a force as if driven from a mighty catapult. Like a discharge of *mitraille* from a square of artillery, bits of steel and brass, bars and fragments of metal plates, were driven into the crowd, striking some dead upon the spot, and inflicting ghastly wounds upon others. The hissing steam at the same time enveloped the sufferers and the fear-stricken multitude, and to the roar of the explosion succeeded the shrieks of the mangled victims and the cries of horror and dismay of those that were unharmed.

Captain Jourdan, of the Sixth Precinct, with commendable activity and discretion, immediately applied himself to the task of restoring order, and, with the assistance of Sergeant Weems, succeeded in controlling that wild crowd, terrified and excited by real and imaginary perils. Four dead bodies were taken from the scene of the disaster and conveyed to the Tenth Precinct Station-House, in Ludlow street, near Grand.

Of the wounded, eighteen were taken to the New York Hospital, where one died before morning; five others were removed to their homes, making a list of five dead and twenty-two wounded, besides others who received injuries of a character too slight to attract attention.

The scene at the police station, where the dead lay stretched upon the floor, was sad and painful to look upon. Hundreds of anxious parents and terror-stricken children thronged to the station in breathless haste, and pressed their way through the hall, up the narrow stairs, and forward to the small room where the bodies of four, who had been killed outright, were lying. Napkins had been laid over the faces to hide ghastly wounds and distorted features, and the hands were folded on the breast. The coverings were eagerly snatched away by the visitors, and the features of the dead closely scanned for identification. Near the win-

dow lay the body of a middle-aged man, a native of Germany, well-dressed, and possessing a fine, open countenance. He had sustained injuries on the back of his head, and was recognized as William Reimer. Next was the body of Joseph Ward, a manly-looking fellow of 14 years, whose right arm had been frightfully mangled, and one leg broken. Many were the tears shed by sympathetic mothers and sisters as they gazed upon his youthful, handsome figure, and while they were thankful he was not their relative, they gave free expression to that feeling which they knew some one would experience at his sudden and terrible decease. Charles Schellknecht, German, came next; wounded on head, and lower extremities greatly bruised and torn. The fourth body was that, apparently, of a robust Irishman, although his remains had not been identified. His injuries were the severest of all, and when the cloth was lifted from his face, no one could look upon the sight presented without experiencing a shudder.

The Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club—No Wind, and the Race Spoiled—The White Wing Rounding the Lightship.

THURSDAY, June 18th, was the day designated for the Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, and at an early hour of the morning a large fleet of vessels of all descriptions and sizes had gathered about the Narrows. Twelve boats of the club—eight schooners and four sloops—were on the ground in good season, and pending the signal to start, a final examination of the vessels was made, and everything so arranged that there might be no delay nor accident to prevent a successful sail.

The course selected for the contest was from the anchorage to the buoy off the Southwest Spit, passing it to the west and south, and thence to the lightship some seven miles further out, rounding it to the northeast and eastward, returning over the same course, passing to the west of the flagboat station, off the Club House at Clifton.

At eleven minutes past eleven the signal guns were fired; the yachts slowly left their moorings, and sped away toward the Southwest Spit. A light breeze was sweeping the water, but was not sufficient to create that vivacity and excitement in the squadron which the yachtsmen had anticipated, and grave doubts came to the most experienced of the sailors of the success of the regatta. But though the strong, steady winds came not, and the sea remained quite smooth, the contesting boats kept steadily pursuing their course, with every inch of canvas exposed, that all advantage might be taken of the fitful breezes that played roughly about them. The yacht White Wing, taking the lead of the squadron, rounded the stake-boat on the return trip, just twenty-seven minutes too late to make the race decisive, as the time was limited to eight hours.

In consequence of the unfavorable condition of the weather, the contest was postponed to the following day.

The New York Yacht Club House, recently purchased at Clifton, Staten Island, has been fitted up to meet all the requirements of such a popular association. The house, which surmounts an elevated portion of the grounds, was built in 1848, and of the most durable materials. The parlor and reception-rooms are located on the first floor, the windows opening upon the piazzas, which surround three sides of the building. The area in front of the villa extends to the river, where a seawall prevents the tide from injuring or encroaching upon the land. That part of the land immediately surrounding the villa is planted with boxwood and shrubbery, while plots of grass, closely trimmed, give, on a sultry day, an air of freshness and comfort that the members cannot fail to appreciate. The Club House commands a fair reach of the shore, with a depth of water almost sufficient to float its boats at the seawall.

Our engraving gives a rear view of the villa, with its neat parterres and fragrant flower-beds.

The race was resumed on the following day, and was won by the sloop Gussie, and schooner Magic.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

IN 1798 M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day while crossing the market-place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons all loaded with vegetables. The wily courier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty country women. So densely, as the vehicles came to a stand, the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women, who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others.

An exclamation escaped from his lips. It attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market. As she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is that you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you—what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the wagons began to move on, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requested him earnestly to come and see her, and disappeared, leaving him as if riveted to the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young marketwoman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour du Pin. (Mademoiselle de Dillon) the most elegant among the ladies of the Court of Louis XVI., King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with much dazzling lustre in the society of her numerous admirers and friends. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like the ladies who held a rank at the Court, had only time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the Royal Palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at their work of death. Alas! In those days of terror the poor children themselves abandoned the parental roof, for no hiding-place was so sure against the vigilant eyes of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, fashionable and pretty lady, spoiled from her infancy by loud and continued praises of her beauty!

Monsieur de la Tour du Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the Court of France he had seen her,

with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793), what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants, who were starving when the little money they brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who, on every occasion, showed the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder. Yet M. de la Tour du Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennuis to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever thinking of the transaction (particularly when absent from his wife and tilling the garden of the cottage they were going to inhabit, he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive, on his return to Mrs. Muller's, to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and would repeat to him "Happy husband! happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller, to go and inhabit their little cottage, where they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro—a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, viz.: a gardener, footman, and cook—the last function M. de la Tour du Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner-time. The poor emigrant went into his garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent. Looking for her, he entered the kitchen, and saw a young country woman, with her back to the door, kneading dough, her arms of snowy whiteness bare to the elbows.

M. de la Tour du Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslin and silk for a country dress—not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband, her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined hands in a supplicatory manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "don't laugh at me; I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of profound emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries, he learned that when he imagined her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken instruction from Mrs. Muller and her servants, and, after six months, had become skillful in the culinary art, and a thorough housekeeper—discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is; we in a moment understand what costs a country woman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy; you will no longer be afraid of ennuis for me, nor doubt my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile upon him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of town will do—but, oh! henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment Madame de la Tour du Pin kept her word. She insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he paid her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks, and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited that she seemed less fatigued by the housework than if she had attended the balls in the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous Palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she, with naivete—"indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it." A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions.

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Mise, him jacket torn; please mend him."

She immediately took a needle, repaired Cujah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

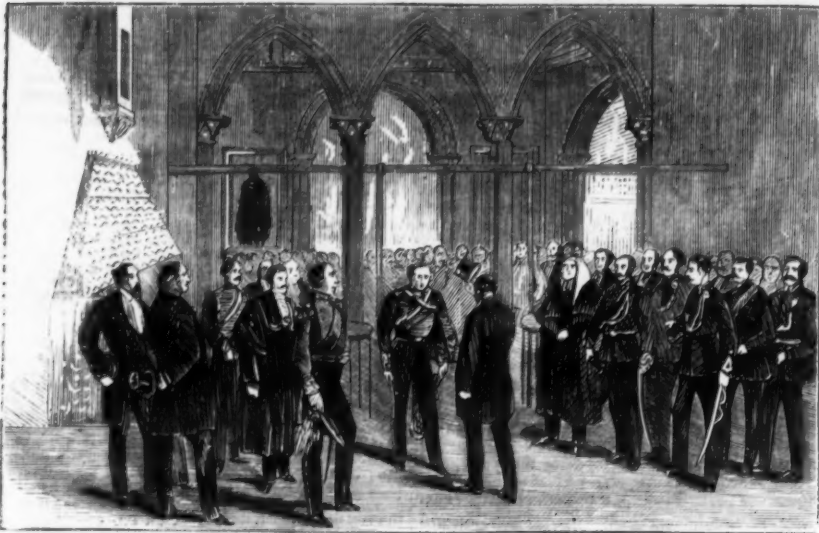
This little adventure made a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice so peculiar to him.

MODERN FRENCH DOLLS.—George Augustus Sala says: "If you buy a doll in Paris now-a-days, you must not only put her *dans ses meubles*, but furnish her for her luxurious boudoir in the *P. mpidour* or the *Empire* style. She must have a carriage. She must have a saddle-horse. She must have a 'ghroom' and a 'jockey.' She must have a grand piano from Erard or Pleyel. Her gloves must come from Madame Caussé, her bonnet from Jenny Navarre, her watch from Leroy, her diamonds from Molliero. She must have seventy-two petticoats, like the Russian Countess who lives at the Hotel Bristol. She must bathe in milk of almonds, or *sang de cerise*. And I am very much afraid that, if you are suddenly called away, and return in about a fortnight, unexpectedly, you will find your doll drinking champagne with your 'ghroom.' Don't think I am talking about real men and women. I am discouraging simply about the dolls who, in the French *Bimbeloterie* Court, at the Exhibition, are flirting, lounging, waiting, jingling on the piano-forte, surveying themselves in mirrors, and ogling each other through consoles. The old child-doll type seems entirely lost. The French toy-men have taken to the manufacture of adult dolls. They look like dolls that have vices—dolls that don't care much about the *divine Commandment*—dolls who, to feed their insatiable appetite, would eat you out of house and home, mortgage your lands, beggar your children, and then present you with a toy revolver to blow out your brains withal. They are so terribly symmetrical, so awfully life-like; they carry their long trains, and nurse their poodles, and read their *bulletins*, and try on their gloves, and gamble at *l'assuet* with such dreadful perfection, that you would not be at all surprised at last to find a male doll cheating at cards, or a female doll running a long milliner's bill and refusing to pay it. And this is the chief cause of my indictment against the modern French dolls in the Exhibition. They have nothing to do with the happy, innocent, ignorant time of childhood. They look like dolls who know the time of day."

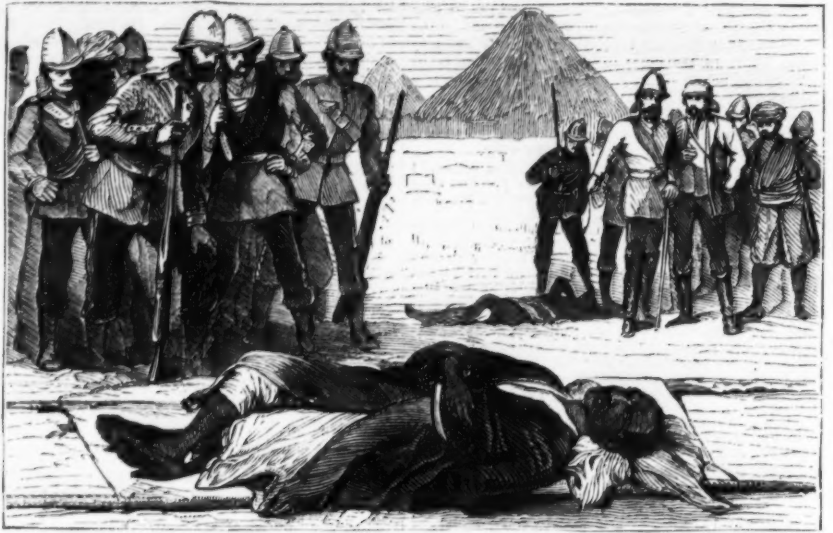
The *Spirit of Missions* makes the following mention of the important service which Mr. Burlingame, the late United States Minister, has rendered in China: "Through his influence an American geologist was employed, who has demonstrated the great extent of their coal mines. Wheaton's 'Elements of International Law' were translated into Chinese by Dr. Martin, an American missionary, and adopted as a national textbook by his advice. The first grant for a submarine telegraph, connecting the treaty ports from Canton to Tientsin, was made to him, by which the trade of China was increased from \$92,000,000 to \$300,000,000. He warmly favored the commission which two years ago was dispatched to Europe, and the establishment of a university for the cultivation of the sciences of the West, and has been an ardent supporter of the great cause of missions, which has done so much for civilization and for commerce, as well as for Christianity."

A YANKEE apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying direction: "Swallow one every two hours."

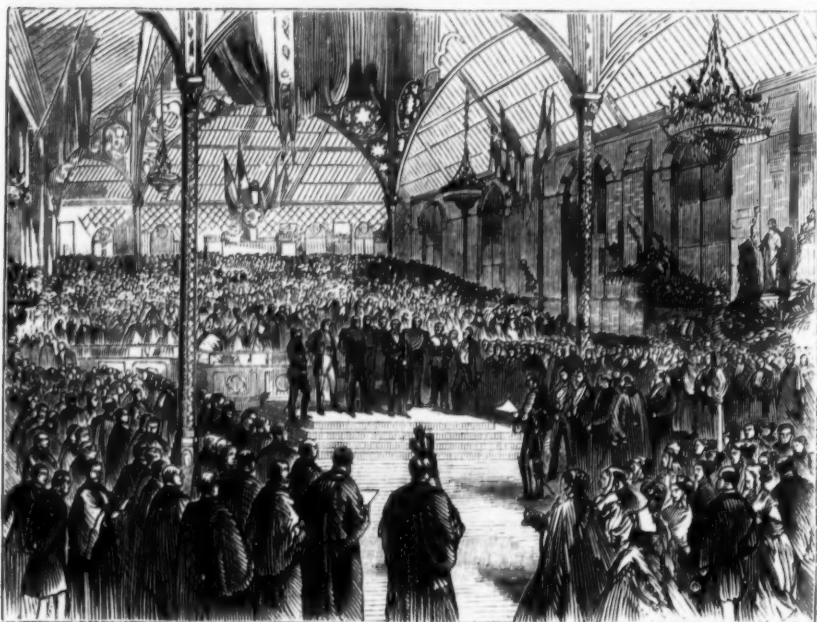
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 245.



RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FINE ART EXHIBITION, LEEDS, ENGLAND.



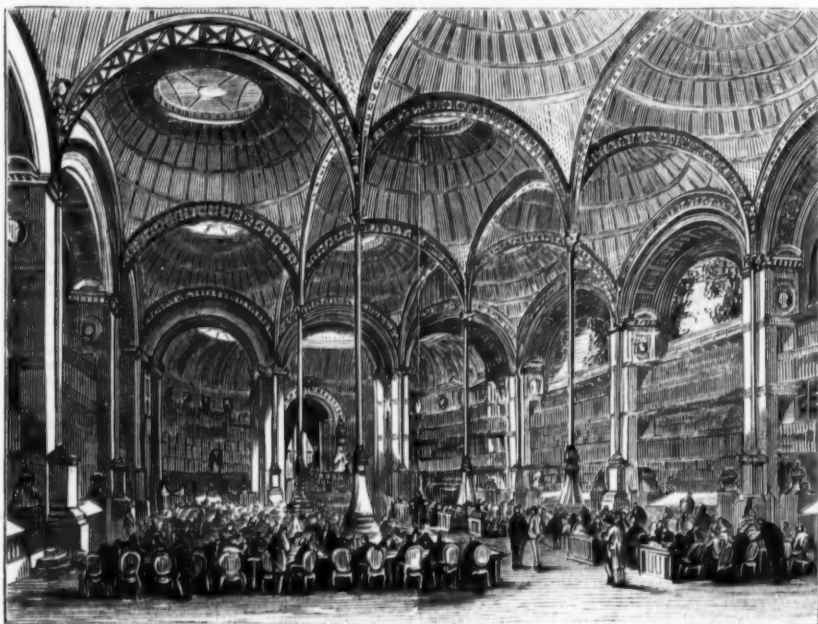
KING THEODORUS, AS HE LAY DEAD AT MAGDALA, ABYSSINIA, APRIL 13TH, 1868.



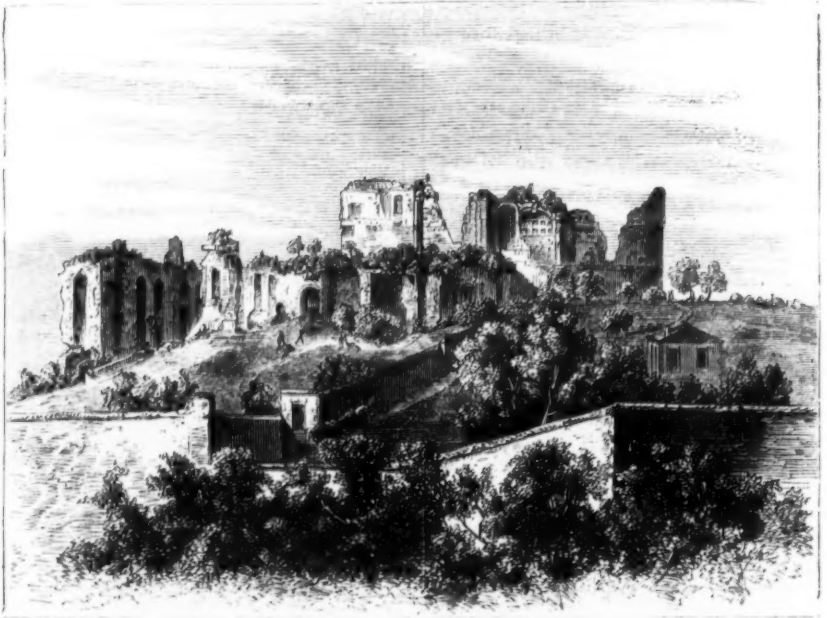
OPENING OF THE FINE ART EXHIBITION, AT LEEDS, ENGLAND, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



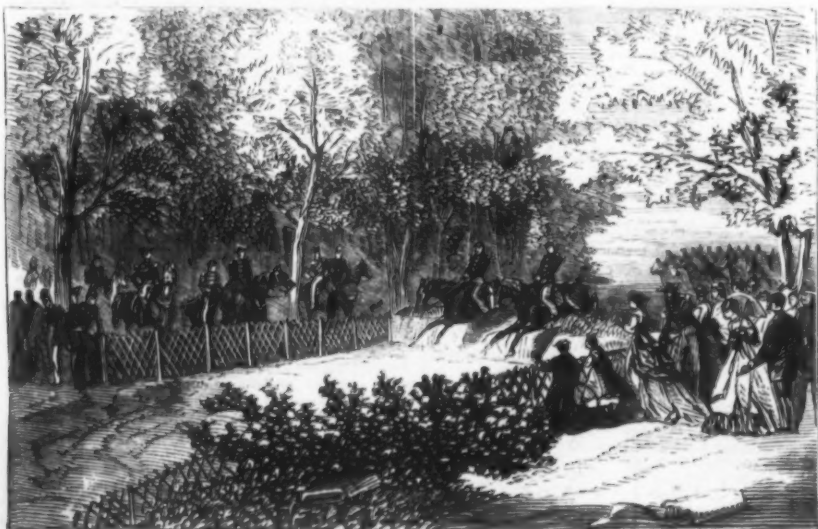
THE 33RD FOOT ADVANCING UPON MAGDALA, ABYSSINIA.



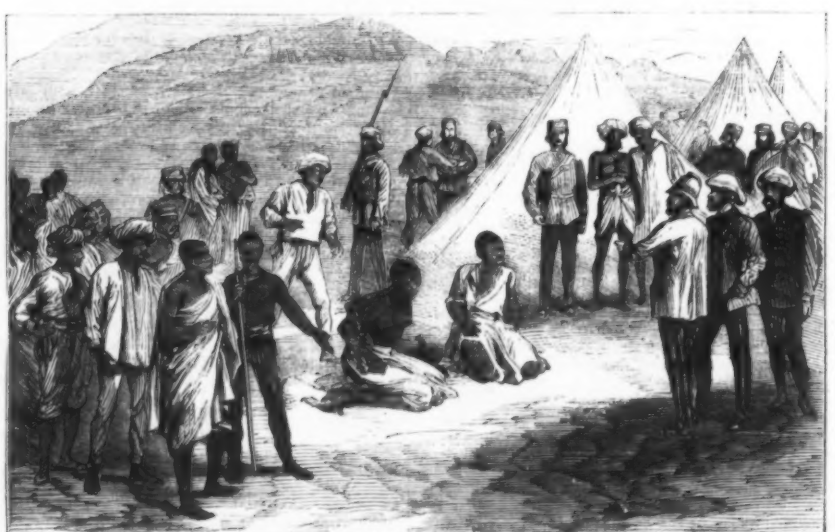
NEW READING ROOM OF THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, PARIS, FRANCE.



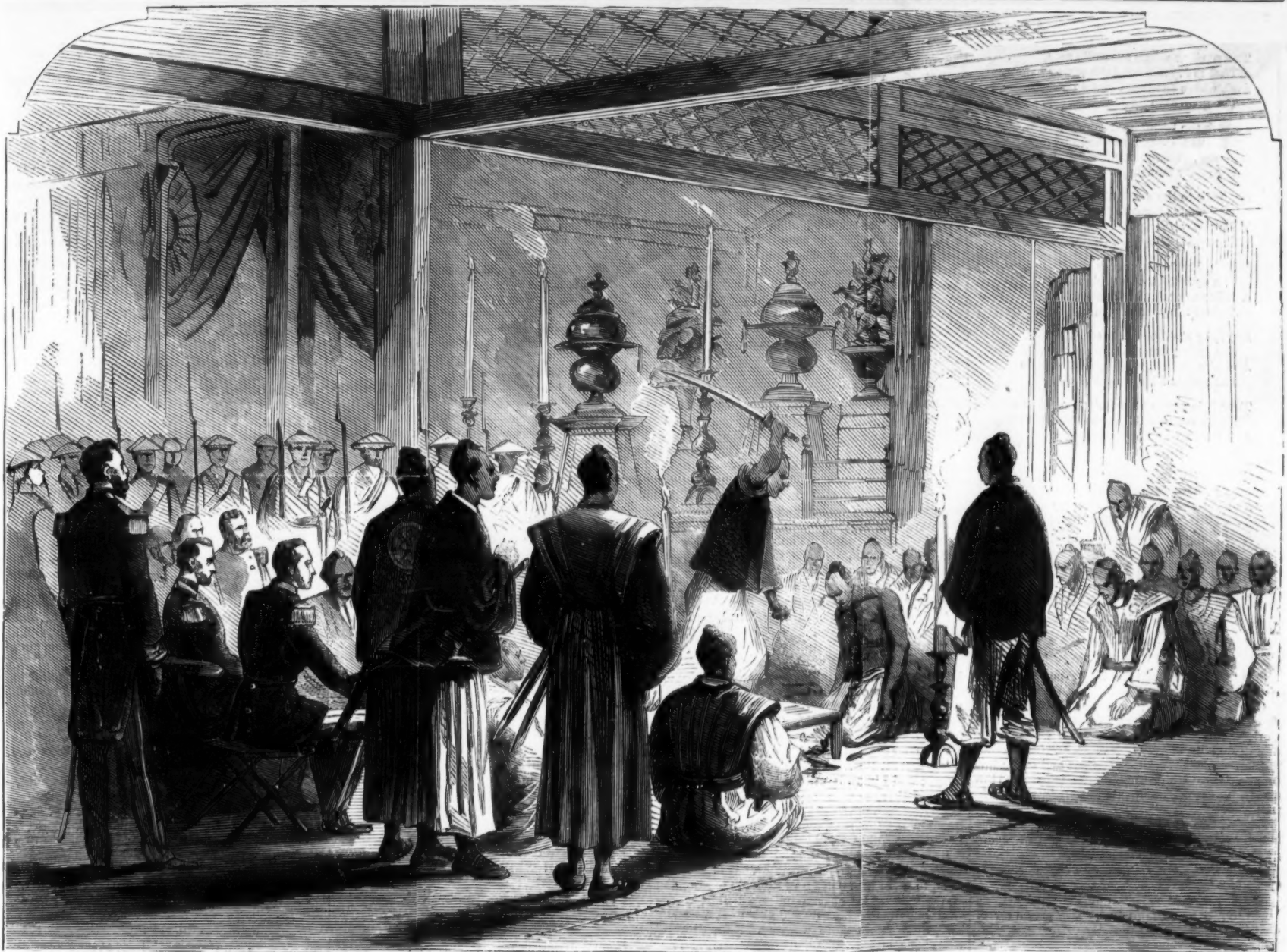
RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN THE PALATINE HILL, ROME, ITALY.



VISIT OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL TO THE MILITARY SCHOOL OF SAINT CYR, FRANCE—THE STEEPLE CHASE.



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—TRIAL OF TWO NATIVES FOR STEALING COMMISSARIAT STORES.



HAKIKARI AND EXECUTION, MARCH 2ND, OF TAKI-ZENZABURO, THE INSTIGATOR OF THE ATTACK ON FOREIGN RESIDENTS, AT HIOGO, JAPAN, FEB. 4TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 247.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Leeds Fine Art Exhibition, England—Reception of the Prince of Wales.

A grand fine art exhibition was formally opened by the Prince of Wales at Leeds, England, on Tuesday, May 20th. The exhibition was held in the Leeds Infirmary, and was for the purpose of raising funds to complete the building, and furnish it with all the requisites of a first-class hospital. The building stands on a piece of rising ground on Great George street, and presents the appearance of a cluster of buildings connected by corridors, the whole surrounded by a low wall, and surmounted by a light iron railing. Each of the wards forming a separate building, a wholesome amount of light and pure air will be admitted to every room. As the Prince of Wales approached the front of the building the escort halted on Great George street, and his highness, proceeding to the principal entrance, was received with a general salute by a guard of honor drawn up on the lawn. The Prince was welcomed by the president of the general council of the exhibition, and other dignitaries, and a procession being formed, the royal visitor was conducted to the central hall, where the ceremony of opening the exhibition was performed. The large hall wore a very cheerful aspect, being decorated with the royal standard, statuary and flowers. The roof, which is of glass, is supported by five iron arches on each side, and one of greater span at each end. The entablature and spring of the roof were adorned with flag trophies. At the back of the orchestra, where a fine band and a full chorus furnished the musical portion of the ceremony, a golden trellis-work upon a crimson ground supported stands of flowers connected by twining ivy. A bust of the Queen occupied the centre of this background, surmounted by a crown, monogram, and trophy. The ceremony consisted of an address from the exhibition committee to the Prince, the reply, the declaration of opening, and selections from the "Creation," "Solomon," and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," rendered by the orchestra. At the conclusion of the service, the Prince inspected the picture galleries, and made a tour of the entire building. In the evening his highness attended a ball given in his honor by the Mayor of Leeds, and appeared unusually well pleased with the reception and attention manifested toward him during the day.

New Reading Room of the Imperial Library, Paris, France.

The new Reading Room of the Imperial Library at Paris, is an immense hall, of 1,300 square metres, sustained by sixteen columns, ten metres high, and peculiarly slender, above which the bold architecture of the roof arises in nine elegant domes, through the glass ceilings of which a soft and equal light penetrates the interior. The lofty arches are decorated with arabesque designs in gold on a white ground. Upon each of the pillars supporting these arches is a medallion representing the celebrated authors of all climes. To right and left the space between the arches near the ceiling is occupied by mural paintings, and around the walls light iron galleries extend. The hall contains 345 arm-chairs, placed in front of tables well provided with writing materials. The reader's feet rest upon pipes through which flows hot water, a part of the admirable heating system of the establishment. About forty thousand volumes are ranged in the triple rows of book-cases, constituting a literary treasure well worthy the magnificent structure designed for its safe-keeping.

The Abyssinian Expedition—The Thirty-third Foot Advancing on Magdala—The Dead Body of Theodore Laid Out in Magdala—Trial of Two Natives for Theft.

The most picturesque view of the hill and fortress of Magdala is undoubtedly that obtained from the bottom of the ascent to Ismailgee. At this point we have at a single glance a fair representation of Abyssinian

scenery. The gradual, undulating slopes, the narrow stretches of tableland with their precipitous sides, the abrupt protrusion of massive rocks, and the general absence of refreshing shrubbery, compose a picture the equal of which is not to be found in a single locality of any other country. In our engraving of the fortress of Magdala, a column of the Thirty-third Foot is seen in the foreground winding its way up to the stronghold for the assault, which took place on Easter Mon-

day. The road turning to the left leads by a steep ascent to the plateau of Ismailgee, where may be seen the huts which were occupied by Theodore's army before the engagement of Good Friday. At the right hand is seen a rather sudden declivity which terminates in a bed of rocks, several rods below the point indicated in our illustration. On a broad ledge of rock, midway between the termini of the descent, repose the bones of 300 native prisoners, whom Theodore ordered to be shot, or killed by the sword, and thrown upon the rocks, when he found himself unable to keep them alive. A short time after the British troops entered the fortifications of Magdala, the body of King Theodore was found, quite cold, and with a bullet-hole through the head. The remains were taken up by the soldiers and laid on a hammock in the camp at Magdala. From the appearance of the body after death, it would seem that the Abyssinian King had been possessed of great natural intelligence. The features were small and finely cut, the brow massive and thoughtful, the face, though very dark, was free from the characteristics of the negro, and the frame slight, but well-shaped and firmly knit. The widowed Queen of Theodore, and his only legitimate son, remain under British protection; the latter is about to be sent to the Mission College at Calcutta. After the capture of the stronghold, and when those who had survived the slaughter were taken prisoners, a propensity for thieving soon manifested itself among the natives, and in spite of the vigilance of the soldiers, articles of clothing and food were frequently abstracted from the British warehouses. Our third engraving represents a trial of two natives who had been caught in the act of stealing commissariat stores.

Visit of the Prince Imperial to the Military School of Saint Cyr, France.

On the 21st of last May, the French Prince Imperial visited the celebrated Military School of Saint Cyr, escorted by a detachment of the cavalry division of the establishment that was sent to meet him at Versailles. After hearing Mass, which was celebrated by the Arch bishop of Versailles, the Prince mounted on horseback, and proceeded to the Wagram Court, where all the pupils, drawing up in line of battle, went through various manoeuvres with admirable precision. They then marched to the Polygone, and exercised with the musket and artillery, terminating the day's proceedings with a steeple-chase, with which the young Prince was delighted, and which we have made the subject of our engraving.

Recent Excavations in the Palatine Hill, at Rome.

By direction of the Government of Pius IX., extensive excavations are being made in the Palatine Hill, chiefly for the purpose of displaying more fully to view the beautiful ruins of an ancient palace, the foundations of which went far beneath the surface. The work has already revealed apartments hitherto utterly lost to sight, containing many fine sculptures. The enormous walls extend for a considerable distance, and enclose great passages and halls adorned with frescoes and statuary. Already the rooms, lined with marbles, and the winding passages, surrounded by what has been the garden, have been opened to public inspection, and the excavations in the Palatine, revealing some of the architectural splendors of ancient Rome, have attained the interest of a new Pompeii. Our engraving represents the site of these explorations into the long-buried remains of the old imperial city.



FRANCISQUE REGIS GIGNOUX, N. A. DESIGN.—SEE PAGE 247.

"PARTED."

THE parting words are sadly said,
That many a heart hath wrung before,
And, with a thousand blessings sped,
The good ship hastens from the shore.

I watch the broad hulk smaller grow,
Till but a speck it seems to be;
And now, between our hearts must flow,
For weary months, the cruel sea.

She goes to the enchanted land
That smiles beneath its sunny skies,
Where in unchanging beauty stand
The spires of bygone centuries—

Where, like the moments of a dream,
The days fleet carelessly away,
And life a carnival doth seem,
And all the year a month of May.

But I, by stubborn duty staid,
The daily yoke of toil must bear,
And struggle on, while round me fade
The castles I have built in air.

They fade; yet one sweet thought is mine—
That absence makes more precious still,
And memory and hope combine
With happy dreams my heart to fill!

O Winds! blow softly on her brow!
Be tender with her, mighty Sea!
And Time—remind her of her vow,
And bring her back unchanged to me!

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXXI.—CONSENT AT LAST.

SINCE our last visit to it, Vernon Hall had changed from gay to grave.

Only in its interior. Outside, its fine facade presented the same cheerful front to its park; the Corinthian columns of its portico looked open and hospitable as ever.

As ever, elegant equipages came and went; but only to draw up, and remain for a moment in the street, while their occupants left cards, and made inquiries.

Inside there was silence. Servants glided about softly, or on tiptoe, opened and closed the doors gently, speaking in subdued tones.

It was a stillness, solemn, and significant. It spoke of sickness in the house.

And there was; sickness of the most serious kind; for it was known to be the precursor of death.

Sir George Vernon was dying.

It was an old malady—a disease of that organ, to which tropical climates are so fatal—in the East as in the West.

And in both had the baronet been exposed; for part of his earlier life had been spent in India.

Induration had been long going on. It was complete, and pronounced incurable. At the invalid's urgent request, the doctor had told him the truth, warning him to prepare for death.

His last tour upon the Continent—whither he had gone with his daughter—had given the finishing blow to his strength; and he was now home again, so enfeebled that he could no longer take a walk even along the soft smooth turf of his own beautiful park.

By day most of his time was spent upon a sofa in his library, where he lay supported by pillows.

He had gone abroad with Blanche, in the hope of weaning her from that affection so freely confessed; and which had been ever since a sore trouble to his spirit.

How far he had succeeded might be learnt by looking in her sad, thoughtful face, once blithe and cheerful; by noting a pallor in her cheek, erst red as the roseleaf; by listening to sighs, too painful to be suppressed; and, above all, to a conversation that occurred between her and her father not long after returning from that, his latest journey, that was to be the last of his life.

Sir George was in his library, reclining as was his wont. The sofa had been wheeled up to the window, that he might enjoy the charm of a splendid sunset; for it was a window facing west.

Blanche was beside him; though no words were passing between them. Having finished adjusting his pillow, she had taken seat near the foot of the sofa, her eyes like his fixed on the far sunset—flaming the horizon with strata clouds of crimson, and purple, and gold.

It was mid-winter; but among the sheltering copes of Vernon Park there was slight sign of the season. With a shrubbery whose foliage never fell, and a grass ever green, the grounds immediately around the mansion might have passed for a picture of spring.

And there was bird music, Spring's fit concomitant; the chaffinch chattering upon the taller trees, the blackbird with flute-like note fluttering low among laurels and laurestines, and the robin nearer the window warbling his sweet simple lay.

Here and there a bright-plumed pheasant might be seen shooting from copse to copse; or a hare, scared from her form, dashing down into the covert of the dale. Farther off on the pastures of the park could be seen sleek kine consorting with the antlered stag, both browsing tranquil and undisturbed.

It was a fair prospect to look upon; and it should have been fairer in the eyes of one who was its proprietor.

But not as Sir George Vernon, who might fancy that he was looking at it for the last time.

The thought could not fail to inspire painful reflections, and into a train of such had he fallen.

They took the shape of an inquiry: who was to succeed him in that fair inheritance, handed down from a long line of distinguished ancestors?

His daughter, Blanche, was to be his inheritor: since he had no son, no other child; and the entail of the estate ended with himself.

But Blanche might not long bear his name; and what other was she to bear? What escutcheon was to become quartered upon that of the Vernons?

He thought of Scudamore; he had been long thinking of it, hoping, wishing it; but now, in the hours darkened by approaching death, he had doubts whether this union of armorial bearings would ever be.

In earlier days he had resolved on its being so; and up to a late period, he had spoken of compulsion, such as he held by testamentary power. He had even hinted it to Blanche herself. He had made discovery how idle such a course would be, and on this he was reflecting at that moment. He might have thought of commanding yonder sun to cease from its setting, yonder stag to lay aside its grandeur, or the birds their soft beauty. You may soften an antipathy, but you cannot kill it; and, obedient child though she was, not even her father's will, not all the powers upon earth, could have removed from Blanche Vernon's mind the antipathy she had conceived for her Cousin Scudamore.

In the same way, you may thwart an affection, but not destroy it; and a similar influence would not have sufficed to chase from Blanche Vernon's mind the memory of Captain Maynard. His image was still upon her heart, fresh as the first impression—fresh as in that hour, when she stood holding his hand under the shade of the *deodara*!

Her father appeared to know all this. If not, her pallid cheek, day by day growing paler, should have admonished him.

But he did know, or suspected it; and the time had come for him to be certain.

"Blanche!" he said, turning round, and tenderly gazing in her face.

"Father?"

She pronounced the word interrogatively, thinking it was some request for service to an invalid.

But she started as she met his glance. It meant something more!

"My daughter," he said, "I shall not be much longer with you!"

"O, dear father! do not say so!"

"It is true, Blanche. The doctors tell me I am dying; and I know it myself."

"O, father!—dear father!" she exclaimed, springing forward from her seat, falling upon her knees beside the sofa, and covering his face with her tresses and tears.

"Do not weep, my child! However painful to think of it, these things must be. It is the fate of all to leave this world; and I could not hope to be exempted. It is but going to a better, where God himself will be with us, and where, we are told, there is no more weeping. Now, dearest, compose yourself. Return to your seat, and listen: for I have something to say to you."

Sobbingly she obeyed—sobbing as though her heart would break!

"When I'm gone," he continued, after she had become a little calmer, "you, my daughter, will succeed to my estates. They are not of great value; for I regret to say there is a considerable mortgage upon them. Still, after all is paid off, there will be a residue—sufficient for your maintenance in the position to which you have been accustomed."

"O, father! do not speak of these things. It pains me!"

"But I must, Blanche; I must. It is necessary you should be made acquainted with them, and necessary, too, that I should know—"

Why was it necessary he should know? He had paused, as if afraid to declare it.

"What, papa?" asked she, looking interrogatively in his face, at the same time that a blush rising upon her cheek told she half divined it.

"What should you know?"

"My dear daughter," he rejoined, shying a direct answer, "it is but reasonable to suppose, you will be some day changing your name. I should be unhappy to leave the world, thinking you would not; and I could leave it all the happier to think you will change it for one worthy of being adopted by the daughter of a Vernon—one borne by a man deserving to be my son!"

"Dear father!" cried she, once more sobbing spasmodically, "pray do not speak to me of this. I know whom you mean—yes; I know it—I know it. Father! it can never be!"

She was thinking of the name Scudamore; and that it could never be hers!

"Perhaps you are mistaken, my child? Perhaps I did not mean any one in particular?"

Her grand blue eyes, deeper blue under their bedewing of tears, turned inquiringly upon her father's face.

She said nothing; but seemed waiting for him to farther explain himself.

"My daughter," he said, "I think I can guess what you intended by your last speech. You object to the name Scudamore? Is it not so?"

"Sooner than bear it, I shall be for ever content to keep my own—yours—throughout all my life. Dear father, I shall do anything to obey you—even this! Oh! you will not compel me to an act that would make me for ever unhappy? I do not, cannot, love Frank Scudamore; and without love, how could I—how could he—"

The womanly instinct which had been guiding the young girl seemed suddenly to forsake her. The interrogatory ended in a convulsive sob; and once more she was weeping.

Sir George could no longer restrain his tears, nor expression of the sympathy from whence they proceeded.

Averting his face upon the pillow, he wept wildly as she.

Sorrow cannot endure for ever. The purest and most poignant grief must in time come to an end.

And the dying man knew of a solace, not only to himself, but to his dear noble daughter—dearer and nobler from the sacrifice she had declared herself willing to make for him.

His views about her future had been, for some time, undergoing a change. The gloom of the grave, to one who knows he is hastening toward it, casts its shadow alike over the pride of the past and the splendors of the present. Equally does it temper the ambitions of the future.

And so had it affected the views of Sir George Vernon—socially, as well as politically.

Perhaps he saw in that future the dawning of a new day—when the *regime* of the Republic will be the only one acknowledged upon earth.

Whether or not, there was in his mind at that moment a man who represented this idea; a man he had once slighted, even to scorn! On his deathbed he felt scorn no longer; partly because he had repented of it, and partly, that he knew this man was in the mind of his daughter—in her heart of hearts!

And he knew also she could never be happy, without having him in her arms!

She had promised a self-sacrifice—nobly promised it. A command, a request, a simple word, would secure it.

Was he to speak that word?

No! Let the crest of the Vernons be erased from the page of heraldry; let it be blended with the plebeian insignia of a republic, rather than a daughter of his house—his own dear child—should be the child of a life-long sorrow!

In that critical hour, he determined she should not.

"You do not love Frank Scudamore?" he said; after the long sad interlude recurring to her last speech.

"I do not, father; I cannot!"

"But you love another? Do not fear to speak frankly—candidly, my child! you love another?"

"I do. I do!"

"And that other is, Captain Maynard?"

"Father! I have once before confessed it. I told you I loved him with my whole heart's affection. Do you think that could ever change?"

"Enough, my brave Blanche!" exclaimed the invalid, raising his head proudly upon the pillow; and contemplating his daughter as if in admiration. "Enough! dearest Blanche! Come to my arms! come close, and embrace your father—your friend, who will not be much longer near you. It will be no fault of mine, if I do not leave you in other arms, if not dearer, perhaps better able to protect you!"

The wild burst of filial affection bestowed upon a dying parent permits no expression in speech.

Never was one wilder than when Blanche Vernon flung her arms around the neck of her generous parent, and showered her scalding tears upon his cheek!

CHAPTER LXXXII.—A CONSOLING EPISTLE.

"NEVER more to see her—never more hear of her! From her, I need not expect. She dares not write. No doubt an embargo has been laid upon that? Parental authority forbids it!"

"And I dare not write to her! If I did, no doubt, by the same parental authority, my epistle would be intercepted, still further compromising her—still further debaring the chance of a reconciliation with her father!"

"I dare not do it—I should not!"

"Why should I not? Is it not, after all, but a false sentiment of chivalry?"

"And am I not false to myself—to her?"

"What authority over the heart is higher than its own inclinations?"

"In the disposal of the hand, surely this, and this alone, should be consulted!"

"Who has the right to interpose between two hearts mutually loving? To forbid their mutual happiness?"

"The parent assumes such right, and too often exercises it. It may be a wise control; but is it a just one?"

"And there are times, too, when it may not be wisdom, but madness."

"O pride of rank! how much happiness has been left unachieved through thy interference—how many hearts sacrificed on the shrine of thy hollow pretension?"

"Blanche! Blanche! it is hard to think there is a barrier between us that can never be broken down! An obstruction no merit of mine, no struggle, no triumph, no probation, can remove. Hard! hard!"

"And even should I succeed in achieving such triumph, it might be too late? The heart I have now might then be another's!"

"Ah! it may be another's now! Who knows that it is not?"

It was Captain Maynard who made these reflections. He was in his own studio, and seated in his writing-chair. But the last thought was too painful for him to remain seated; and, springing to his feet, he commenced pacing the floor.

That sweet presentiment was no more on his mind—at least not strongly. The tone and tenor of his soliloquy—especially its last clause—told how much he had lost belief in it.

And his manner, as he strode through the room—his glances, gestures, and exclamations—the look of despair, and the long-drawn sigh—told how much she was still in his mind—how much he still loved her!

"It is true!" he continued; "she may, by this, have forgotten me! A child, she may have taken me up as a toy—no more to be thought of when out of sight! Damaged, too; for doubtless, they've done everything to defame me!"

"Oh! that I could believe that promise, made at the hour of our parting—recorded, too, in writing! Let me once more look at the sweet chirograph!"

Thrusting his hand into the pocket of his vest—the one directly over his heart—he drew forth the tiny sheet, there long and fondly treasured.

Spreading it out, he once more read:

"Papa is very angry; and I know he will never sanction my seeing you again. I am sad to think we may meet no more; and that you will forget me. I shall never forget you, never—never!"

The reading caused him a strange commingling

of pain and pleasure, as it had done twenty times before. For, not less than twenty times had he deciphered that hastily-scribbled note!

But now the pain predominated over the pleasure. He had begun to believe in the prophetic clause, "We may meet no more!" and to doubt the declaration, "I shall never forget you!" He continued to pace the floor wildly, despairingly.

It did not do much to tranquilize him, when his friend, Rosevelt, entered the room in the making of a morning-call. It was an occurrence too common to create any distraction—especially from such thoughts. For the count had become changed of late. He, too, had a sorrow of a similar kind—a sweetheart, about the consent of whose guardian there was a question.

In such matters men may give sympathy, but not consolation. It is only the successful who can speak encouragement.

Rosevelt did not stay long, nor was he communicative.

Maynard did not know the object of his late-sprung passion; not even her name! He only thought it must be some rare damsel who could have caused such a transformation in his friend: a man so indifferent to the fair sex as to have often declared his determination of dying a bachelor!

The count took his leave in a great hurry; but not before giving a hint as to the why.

Maynard noticed that he was dressed with unusual care—his mustache pomaded, his hair perfumed!

He confessed to the motive for all this. He was on the way to make a call upon a lady! Furthermore, he designed asking her a question!

He did not say what; but left his old comrade under the impression, that it was the *proposal*.

The interlude was not without suggestions of a ludicrous nature; that for a time won Maynard from his painful imaginings.

Only for a short time. They soon returned to him; and once more stooping down, he re-read Blanche Vernon's note, that had been left lying upon the table.

Just as he had finished, a startling knock at the door—the well-known "ra-ta"—proclaimed the postman.

"A letter, sir," said the lodging-house servant, soon after entering the room.

There was no need for a parley; the postage was paid; and Maynard took the letter.

The superscription was in the handwriting of a gentleman. It was new to him. There was nothing strange in that. An author fast rising into fame, he was receiving such every day.

But he started on turning the envelope to tear it open. There was a crest upon it, he at once recognized. It was the crest of the Vernons!

Not rudely now was the "cream-laid" covering displaced; but carefully and with hesitating hand!

And with fingers that shook like aspen leaves, did he spread out the contained sheet, also carrying a crest.

They became steadier as he read:

"SIR!—Your last words to me were: 'I HOPE THE TIME MAY COME, WHEN YOU WILL LOOK LESS SEVERELY ON MY CONDUCT?' Mine to you, if I remember aright, were, 'NOT LIKELY!'"

"Older than yourself, I deemed myself wiser. But the oldest and wisest may at times be mistaken. I do not deem it a humiliation to confess that I have been so, and about yourself. And, sir, if you do not think it such to forgive my abrupt—I should rather say barbarous—behavior, it would glad me once more to welcome you as my guest. Captain Maynard! I am much changed since you last saw me—in the pride both of my spirit and my person. I am upon my deathbed; and wish to see you before parting from the world. There is one by my side—watching over me—who wishes it, too. You will come!"

"GEORGE VERNON."

In the afternoon train of that same day, from London to Tunbridge Wells, there traveled a passenger, who had booked himself for Seven Oaks, Kent.

He was a gentleman of the name of Maynard.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—BOTH PRE-ENGAGED!

SCARCELY a week had elapsed since that somewhat lugubrious interview between Count Rosevelt and Captain Maynard, in the room of the latter, when the two men once more met in the same apartment.

This time under changed circumstances, as indicated in the countenances of both.

Both seemed as jolly, and joyous as if all Europe had become republican!

And not only seemed it, but were so; for both of them had reason.

The count had come in. The captain was just going out.

"What luck!" cried the latter. "I was starting in search of you!"

"And I've come in search of you!"

"I might have missed you! I would not for fifty pounds."

"I would not have missed you, for a hundred!"

"I want you in an important matter."

"I want you in one more important."

"You've been quarreling, count? I'm sorry for it. I'm afraid I shall not be able to serve you."

"*Cher capitaine!* Reserve your regrets for yourself. It's more like you to be getting into a scrape of that kind. *Pardieu!* I suppose you're in one?"

"Quite the reverse! At all events, if I'm in a scrape, as you call it, it's one of a more genial nature. I'm going to be married."

"*Mein Gott!* so am I!"

"She's consented then?"

"She has? And yours? I needn't ask who it is. It's the yellow-haired child, I suppose?"

"I once told you, count, that child would yet be

my wife, I have now the felicity to tell you, she will."

"Mère de Dieu! it is wonderful; I shall henceforth believe in presentiments. I had the same, when I first saw her!"

"Her? You mean the future Countess de Rosevelt? You have not told me who is destined for the honor?"

"I tell you now, cher capitaine—that she is the prettiest, dearest, sweetest little pet you ever set eyes on. She'll give you a surprise when you do. But you shan't have it, till you're introduced to her, right in front of the altar; where you must go with me. I've come to bespeak you for that very purpose."

"How very odd! It was for that I was going to you!"

"To engage me for groomsman?"

"Of course. You once consented to be my second. I know you won't refuse me now?"

"It would be ungrateful if I did—requiring from you a similar service. I suppose you consent to reciprocate?"

"By all means! you may count upon me."

"And you upon me. But when are you to be 'turned off'—as these Britishers term it?"

"Next Thursday, at eleven o'clock."

"Thursday, at eleven o'clock!" repeated the count, in surprise. "Why, that's the very day and hour I am myself to be made a Benedict of! *Sacre Dieu!* we'll both be engaged in the same business; then at the same time we won't be able to assist one another!"

"A strange coincidence!" remarked Maynard—

"very awkward too!"

"Peete! isn't it? What a pity we couldn't pull together!"

Of the hundreds of churches contained in the city of London, it never occurred to either, that they might be married in the same.

"What's to be done, cher capitaine?" asked the Austrian. "I'm a stranger here, and don't know a soul—that is enough for that! And you—although speaking the language—appear not to be much better befriended! What's to be done for both of us?"

Maynard was amused at the count's perplexity. Stranger as he was, he had no fears for himself. In the great world of London he knew more than one who would be willing to act as his groomsman—especially with a baronet's daughter for the bride!

"Stay!" cried Rosevelt, after reflecting. "I have it! There's Count Ladislau Telekey. He'll do for me. And there's his cousin, Count Charles! why shouldn't he stand up for you? I know you are friends. I've seen you together."

"Quite true," said Maynard, remembering. "Though I didn't think of him, Count Charles is the very man."

"I know he'll consent to see me bestowed. It's not ten days since I assisted in making him a citizen of this proud British Empire—in order that he might do as I intend doing, marry a lady who ranks among the proudest of its aristocracy. Thank you, my dear count, for suggesting him. He is in every way suitable, and I shall avail myself of his services."

The two parted: one to seek Count Ladislau Telekey, the other, Charles, to stand sponsors for them in that ceremony of pleasant anticipation—the most important either had ever gone through in his life.

The Fortunes of the Great.

The bells of Ghent were ringing a merry peal, flags and banners hung from steeple and tower, and the streets were filled with citizens dressed in their holiday attire. It was the birthday of the mighty emperor who had first seen the light within its walls, and though to-day was not even the hundredth time of its celebration, yet it could not pass without some extraordinary festivity.

Our attention, however, is not to be called to a scene of mirth or rejoicing, nor have we to chronicle the fate of one whose name threw a lustre over the place of her birth. But whatever were her failings, and they were not few nor light, who will say that they were not atoned for by the severity of her destiny? Whilst, then, the sounds of rejoicing were at their height, we must notice a heavy traveling-carriage, drawn by four horses, which came slowly lumbering along as it entered the gates of Ghent. It was an equipage that evidently belonged to some one of rank, for the moldings were richly gilded, and the windows were of Venetian glass—in those days a great luxury. But it had seen its best days. The coat-of-arms, which nearly covered its panels, was scarcely any longer legible; the gildings were tarnished; and the horses, by their want of condition, showed that they were not fed by a pampering hand.

Two ladies occupied the carriage, one of whom, despite her fifty years, might still have been called handsome. Her face and complexion betrayed her southerly extraction, and though her features were clouded with grief, there flashed forth every now and then from her eyes a glance of pride and self-consciousness. Her companion was a younger person, and altogether more feminine in appearance, but still the expression of her face was of high spirit struggling with dreadful exhaustion. Eight days only before the time we write of, her fair head had fallen in effigy by the hand of the headsman.

Outside the carriage sat two female attendants, with a young page, and one who seemed to show to the full the wretchedness which was depicted upon the faces of his mistresses. It was an old man, whose hair was already white, whilst the velvet-laced coat which he wore accorded well, by its threadbare look, with the faded splendor of the equipage. The time had been when the travelers might have expected similar rejoicings to greet their ears, a concourse of people and the ringing of bells, and all in honor of themselves. Alas, those days were past! Just once the elder lady had allowed the noise to attract her

attention to the street, but her look was speedily withdrawn. At length the carriage stopped, and the page descended to the window to ask the direction the carriage was to take.

"To a hotel, Paulo," was the reply; "it matters not which."

Soon after, however, as the carriage was again rumbling on, a sign caught the eye of the elder lady, and the checkstring was hastily pulled. It was a second-rate inn, and her companion asked, with surprise:

"What, here?"

"And why not?" asked the lady, slowly; "it is the sign of the Helpful Mother of God. We are deserted by all; perchance the Blessed Virgin will shield me from the eyes of the world, and offer me a retreat where I may close my eyes in peace."

We resume the history after the lapse of seven months.

In the window of a small house, in the Rue de la Croix, a light might have been noticed burning deep into the night; within the small, scantily-furnished apartment whence it issued, were four people standing mournfully around a bed, on which lay some one sick unto death. The elderly lady, whom we have seen before, and an old attendant, whom we recognize by his faded velvet coat and white hair, were two of these; the others were a sister of a religious order and a celebrated physician of Ghent. The patient we have also seen before. She was a lady whose features still showed signs of beauty, though worn down low with bodily and mental suffering.

"Doctor," said the elder lady, her eyes swollen with weeping, "you say then that there is really no hope?"

"It is a light about to be quenched," he replied. "Human skill is of no avail here."

"There is then no hope?" said the lady.

"A miracle alone could save her," replied the doctor; "and," he added, in a low tone, "this is not the age of miracles."

"And I do not hope," said the lady, after a pause. "You told me she would die. These eighteen years you have told me truly all that was to come to pass—all my misfortunes. Just Heaven, when will my cup of sorrows be full? How soon will Thy wrath change to compassion?"

There was a long silence. The doctor was the first to speak.

"Heavy, indeed," said he, "must have been the blow which brought one so young as she is into this situation."

"You are right," said the lady. "Tis no light matter to have to leave country, children, and friends, to escape the scaffold; yet so it has been; she had spoken against the king and parliament. The tiger in human shape, not satisfied with having driven me forth into exile, must also kill my dearest, my only friend. Poor, unfortunate Isabella! death is the penalty you must pay for your devotion to one deserted by all beside."

The invalid opened her eyes; her half-glazed look dwelt for a moment upon the speaker; a placid smile played along her pallid lips; she sighed; it was a gentle sigh, but with it her spirit departed.

All was hushed; no sob or expression of grief broke the silence. The mourner had sunk upon her knees, and her face was buried in her hands. It was a spasm of woe. At length she rose; and after gazing a moment on the face of the departed, her hands firmly clasped together, she stooped and imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the corpse. Then, turning round, she drew her figure up to its full height, whilst her eyes sparkled, and her whole form seemed dilated.

"Triumph, vile priest!" she half screamed; "add another to your list of victims. Treacherous villain! cowardly assassin! take a woman's bitter curse—a curse," she repeated slowly, "heard by those splendid spirits who are even now wafting the soul of your victim to the courts of heaven. With her it is well," she added, after a pause; "but I remain here, deserted by all."

"By all I no, not by me," said the old domestic, throwing himself at her feet.

"My faithful Mascali," she said, motioning him to rise; and her grief at length found vent in tears.

The day was breaking, and with a low obeisance the doctor and the servant left the room. The old lady had sunk into an arm-chair, while the Sister of Mercy, kneeling at the side of the bed, was offering up prayers for the soul of the departed.

It was high noon when a gentle knock came to the door, and Mascali silently entered.

"Your grace," said he, "his majesty the king, is below, and would wait upon you."

"Is his accursed favorite with him?" she asked.

"She is in attendance," was the reply.

"I will see the king," she said; "but understand, alone."

A moment afterward Mascali opened the door for a young man, richly dressed, who sunk upon his knee, as he became aware of the lady's presence.

"Mascali," she said, "a seat for his majesty, and leave us."

Mascali obeyed her, and then retired. "Veramente, I was not prepared for this visit," said the lady, bitterly. "I thought you had delicacy enough remaining to have spared me this."

"I have been calumniated," said he.

"With words!" she asked. "It were idle when deeds speak for themselves. Your latest deed has proved sufficient; comfort yourself with the thought that you need do no more."

"Did you but know—"

"I know enough, quite enough, too much," she interrupted. "I know that whilst your friends were shedding their blood for you, you were a base coward, and ran away. I know that you have entered into a treaty with your most implacable enemy, the principal stipulation in which is that I am to be given up. I know, too, that I am your mother, or naught could make me even

suppose that you were the son of the bravest of monarchs, whose blood is already tainted by your infamous cowardice."

"This is too much!" cried the king, springing up.

"You can get into a passion then, yet?" said the lady. "Is there, then, a single spark of courage still left?"

"Oh, I know the countess hates me, and never ceases to calumniate me," he replied; "but, by heaven, she shall answer for it!"

"Yes," said his mother, "I know you have courage to face a woman."

"As I hope for salvation, 'I will be revenged upon her!'" he exclaimed.

The lady rose, drew back the curtains of the bed, and, with a contemptuous smile, she said, slowly:

"There, then, revenge yourself upon her corpse."

The color left the king's face; he staggered a pace or two backward, and laid a hand upon the speaker as if for support. She drew back, as if from the touch of pollution.

"What! I serve as a prop for you," she said. "Away with you instantly! Rid me of your presence!"

The monarch reeled toward the door, and the lady's glance followed him till he was gone.

"The miserable creature!" she exclaimed. "And yet he can call me mother!"

The next morning a chapel in the church of St. Baron was hung with black. In the middle stood a catafalque ornamented with a count's coronet beside it stood the lady in prayer, and behind her Mascali, a page, and two female attendants in deep mourning. On it was written:

"Pray for the soul of the most noble Isabella, Countess of Fargio, Ambassadress to the Court of the King of Spain and Emperor of all the Indies."

Twenty years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A.D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up-stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up-stairs, and he had not come in," she replied. "I took her up some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady!" said the shoemaker; "this time of the year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on! and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault," said his wife. "That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

There came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell upon the same tarnished velvet coat we have seen before. The hostess wanted sadly to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short "good-night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I have been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here, a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through the town; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold," she said.

"It is very cold," he replied. "I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient having taken what the old man provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house, and he succeeded in getting her out as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said, suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

"Parbleu!" said he; "why, that is Mascali! What are you married?"

"He does not know me!" sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—"

"For the love of Heaven!" interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days," he replied. "I am on my way

from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels. Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered, with a gently commanding tone, "Leave us, my lord duke; it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverentially to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one to whom he pointed out the lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small basket for him, and also a billet. Inside this was written:

"Two hundred louis-d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. GUISE."

The basket contained one hundred louis-d'ors, and this sum sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years.

The last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, to obtain a small legacy. It was the 13th of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later, and an old man, dressed in rage and tatters, entered the chamber. Only one word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the falling staircase—"Nothing! Nothing!"

He drew near the bed, listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse, which lay before him, with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried—"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medici, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII.; of Isabella, Queen of Spain; of Henrietta, Queen of England; of Christiana, Duchess of Savoy; of Gaston, Duke of Orleans; dead of hunger, cold, and misery! And yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "The Just!"

Harikari and Execution of Taki-Zenzaburo, the Instigator of the Attack of February 4th on the Foreigners at Hiogo, Japan.

WHILE the presence at our national capital of the Chinese Embassy, of which our fellow-countryman, Hon. Anson Burlingame, is chief, suggests the development of important commercial relations with the Empire of China, recent occurrences in Japan teach us that the path to cordial intercourse with those antipodean nationalities is not entirely free from obstacles. A class among the Japanese, it is evident, still retain their prejudices in favor of exclusiveness, and late intelligence from that region tell of several sanguinary collisions between the natives and foreigners, and in the vicinity of Hiogo.

The first exhibition of this antagonism occurred, as already related in detail in the columns of the daily journals of this country, on the 4th of February last, when the retainers of Taki-Zenzaburo, a man of rank, assailed a party of foreigners in the suburbs of Hiogo. The Government of the Mikado having complied with the demands of the foreign representatives, that the guilty chief should receive exemplary punishment, the execution of Taki took place at Hiogo, on the 2d March, in the presence of delegates from all the foreign legations accredited to Japan.

It is this singular execution that is represented in our engraving. Upon the arrival of the delegates at the temple where the execution was to be made, they were invited to be seated, and a few minutes afterward Taki-Zenzaburo, the condemned, was brought in, accompanied by one of the officers of Bizen, two officers of Sakurama, and two other officers of Choshin. He, the Governor of Hiogo, assisted at the ceremony by order of the Mikado, and two executioners followed the prisoner. One of the latter carried a little table, upon which was the wakizashi, the suicidal knife; the two executioners were clothed in black, their arms being bare. The prisoner, on the contrary, was elegantly attired in silken robes. The condemned and his two grim attendants advanced to where the foreigners sat, and made them a low obeisance, bending nearly to the ground.

After this ceremony, Taki-Zenzaburo seated himself in the centre of the temple, upon a red carpet, at the extremities of which were candelabras. He wore the aspect of a man resigned to his fate, and not fearing it. His countenance expressed no emotion whatever.

When he was seated, after a few minutes passed in perfect immobility, the condemned uttered the following words:

"Tis I who ordered the attack on the strangers, and therefore I open my belly—Harikari!—and I request the persons here present to do me the honor to be witnesses of the act."

The condemned threw off his clothing, baring his body above the waist, took the knife presented to him on the little table, quietly unrolled the paper that covered the blade, and, without hesitation, made a large incision in his belly.

At the same moment, one of the executioners, who stood beside him, cut off his head with a single sweep of his sword. While the foreigners present were still under the painful impressions produced by this scene, the Governor Ho, stepped before them, and said that the just satisfaction demanded by the representatives of the Powers had been accorded.

Francisque Regis Gignoux, of the National Academy of Design.

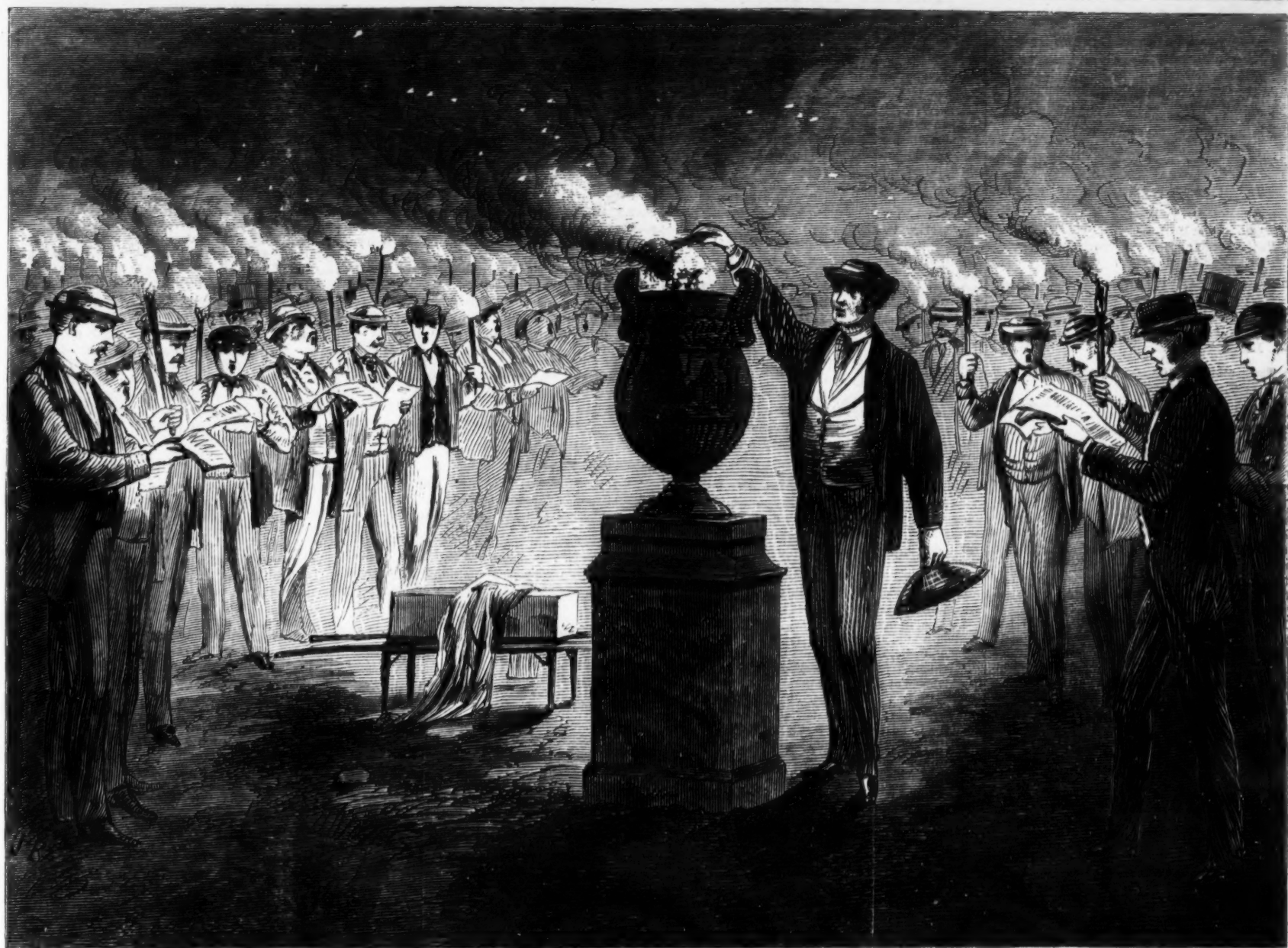
WE shall claim Mr. Gignoux as an American painter, as, although a native of France, his fame is due to his magnificent pictures of American scenery, and for many years he has devoted his pencil exclusively to the elevation of American art.

Francisque Regis Gignoux was born in Lyons, in 1816. His art apprenticeship was conducted chiefly in Paris, where he studied under Delacroix, Vernet and other eminent masters.

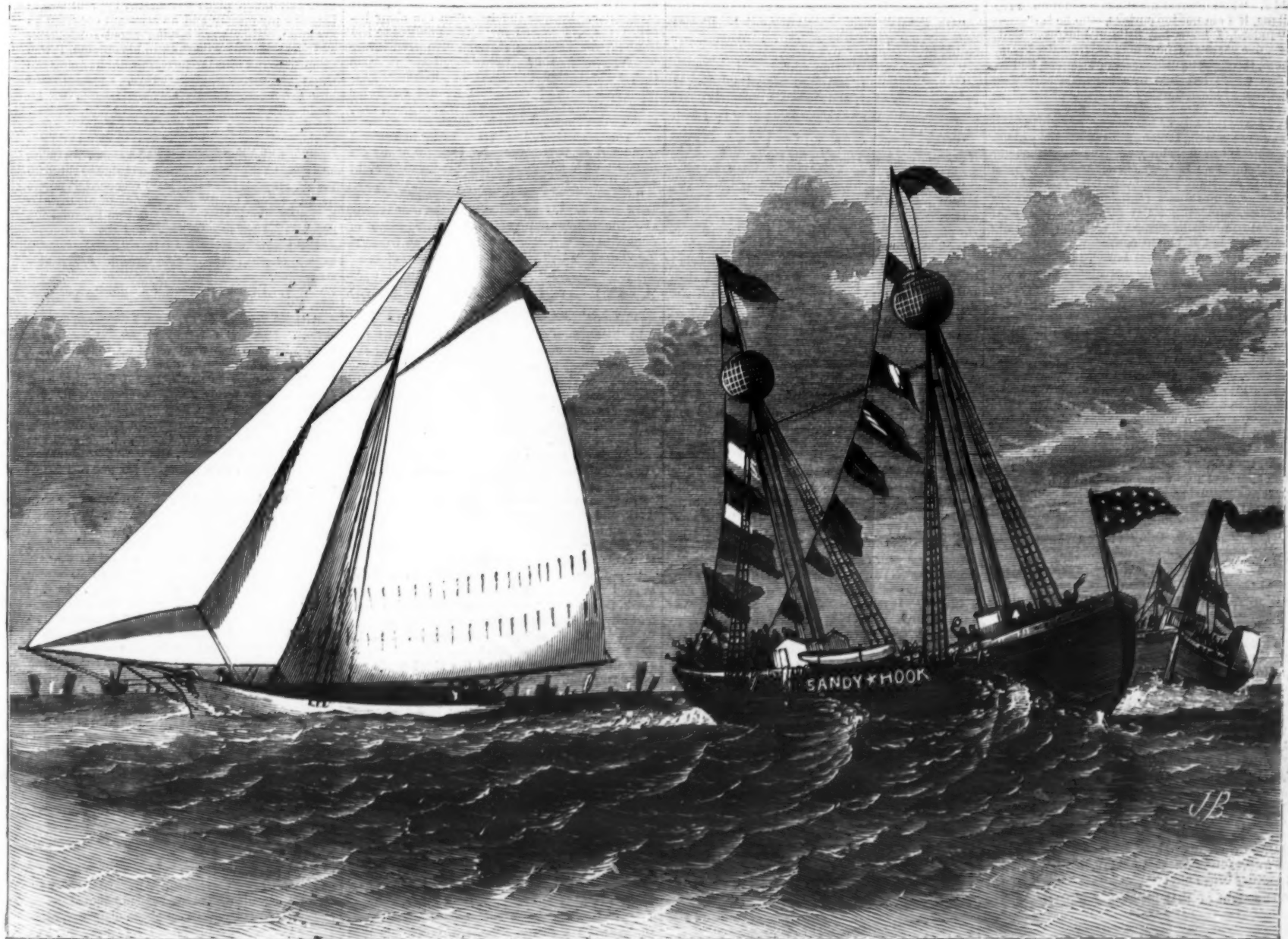
In 1840 he settled in New York, and, impressed with the charm and sublimity of nature in the land of his adoption, he turned his attention to landscape-painting, and rapidly achieved a conspicuous position in that branch of his art. Among his best works are the "Dismal Swamp in Autumn," painted for the Earl of Ellesmere; "Niagara Falls by Moonlight," in the Belmont collection, and a large picture representing the same scene at sunrise in winter. Mr. Gignoux has studied and painted American scenery in all its various aspects, and at all seasons, winter subjects being especially favorites with him. He has the soul as well as the hand of an artist, and stands worthily in that little group of landscape-painters of whom Americans are so justly proud.



EXPLOSION OF THE B.L. OF STEAM FIRE ENGINE NO. 1, AMOSKEAG, IN FRONT OF THE BOWERY THEATRE, BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 19TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 243.



ANNUAL CEREMONY OF THE "BURIAL OF THE ANCIENT," BY THE SOPHOMORE CLASS OF '70, OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N. Y.—DEPOSITING THE REMAINS IN THE URN, JUNE 15TH, 1868.
SEE PAGE 251.



THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB JUNE 18TH—NO WIND, AND THE RACE SPOILED—THE "WHITE WING" BOUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP.—SEE PAGE 243.

STEADFAST.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar
Into the deep blue night,
At the sweet radiance of some special star
That shines supremely bright;

His look concentrated—all the rest unrecked
Their glowing courses run;
Though by ten myriad gems the heavens are
decked,
To him there is but one.

So I look up into a glorious face,
Into a calm kind eye,
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
Clear as a cloudless sky.

Not bright—as brooks that o'er the shallows
roll,
But oh! so pure and deep
With fathomless serenity of soul—
Like ocean in a sleep.

There might be faces fifty times as fair,
O dear-loved lady mine!
But though there were, I'd neither know nor
care—
I'm blind to all but thine.

THE BOUQUET AND THE LOVERS.

It was in the summer of the year 1859 that, weary of the gayeties of Paris, and yet unwilling to go far away from them, I took possession of the second floor, which was the top, of a pretty little cottage near the old Palace of Fontainebleau, and having soon afterward received my books and guitar from England, settled myself for the enjoyment of French country life.

Madame Demolet, an elderly widow with two grandchildren, girls, just old enough to begin to be of use to the house, and a stout servant-woman, composed the family, save an old gentleman, who, though unseen by me for the first four or five days after my arrival, proved to be the inevitable *ami de la maison*. But he was not precisely of the type always found quartered on the unprotected family in French country places, and during the first fortnight, although we met frequently in the neat little garden that lay before the house, he had not advanced further toward acquaintance than saluting me civilly, and did not, as is the custom of the *ancien ami de la famille*, tender his services in showing the neighborhood, and acquainting me with its latest gossip.

One morning good Madame Demolet said, as I was ordering my dinner:

"Poor Monsieur Lascelles! I fear, from the meagre way he is living, that his affairs are worse. When he first came to me, though not extravagant, he lived better than now; and Monsieur Lascelles is not the man one can take the liberty of offering a better dish than he has asked for."

"And Monsieur Lascelles is my fellow-lodger," said I. "You interest me the more in him. Pray tell me, if I am not too curious, who he is?"

"Indeed, I know but little of him, save that, some five years ago, he came here from Bordeaux, where, through the dishonesty of an agent, he lost a fine estate left him by a kinsman, simply on condition of his assuming the name of the prior owner. I don't know what his former name was; but I fancy the loss of his money, serious though it is, is not the only misfortune of his life; a disappointment in early love, perhaps—who can tell?—and Monsieur Lascelles is not the sort of man one may question, though we wish to serve him."

The next morning I ventured, on meeting my neighbor, after the usual salutations, to offer cigarettes, which he declined with much dignity and grace, but it led to conversation, and in a few days we were on social terms. I noticed that every evening, at an early hour, he went out, and returned regularly as the clock on the old tower sounded ten; and having nothing better to do, I purposely one evening placed myself on the road he took, and as I had desired, was soon joined by him. In pleasant conversation we strolled along, until arriving before a handsome villa, where, near the gate, sat a richly-dressed old lady, arranging flowers into a bouquet. At the sight of her my companion drew himself up, appearing ten years younger, and with a quick step, raising his hat, hastened through the gate to where she was sitting. I was slowly and reluctantly continuing my walk, when, turning, I remarked on the old lady's face such a kindly smile directed toward me, that, unconsciously pausing, my friend at once came back, saying that Madame Chanson desired to make my acquaintance.

"She knows something of you already," he quietly added.

The old lady, without leaving her seat, received me in the most charming manner, and two hours sped quickly in the society of those delightful old people, whose demeanor toward each other appeared more that of lovers than as friends. On the following day, being in the garden of the old Chateau of Fontainebleau, some caprice prompted me to ask the gardener for a bouquet of white roses, which, carrying to my lodgings after dinner, I took in my hand, and waited at the door for my friend, intending to offer them to Madame Chanson, who had evinced a great passion for flowers.

On joining me and seeing the bouquet, Monsieur Lascelles slightly blushed, and during our promenade was less communicative than before, and when, after their ceremonious fashion, I presented the flowers to Madame Chanson, her pleasure was expressed even in tears. It seemed to me that both were slightly *distracted*, and fancying myself *de trop*, I was about to leave, when Monsieur Lascelles broke out:

The sight of that bouquet of white roses has affected me very strangely. During the past hour I have lived over my whole life, but mostly that period when I was twenty years old, and loved, and for a time thought I was beloved. Old as I am, the

recollection of my sweetheart—who, if she is living, must be past sixty, though she ever appears to me as a girl of eighteen—stirs my heart so, that I can do nothing better than tell you of her; and this bouquet brings it all before me more vivid than ever.

I had finished my studies, and was awaiting at home my father's decision as to my profession in life, when, one evening, he startled me by saying that he had obtained for me a lieutenant's commission in a regiment stationed at Toulon, and I should there present myself to the colonel in four days. When I urged that I had no fancy for military service, he answered:

"A few weeks in the society of fine officers in camp will change all that, and in a year none will surpass you in warlike ardor."

In truth, there was no aversion to the life my father had chosen for me, save that it would take me from my home—and I was in love!

In love! Over head and ears in love, as no one, I firmly believed, had ever been before; and I dared not mention it to my father, fearing he would send me away immediately.

Seeming to assent to the arrangement, in the most miserable state of heart and mind, I hastened for counsel and consolation to my good uncle, with whom I had always been a pet. That dear man, who never grew old, though his head showed but few hairs, and they gray; and his face, though shriveled by sixty-five years, was ever beaming with kindness. His was a happy nature, entering into warmest sympathy with others' good fortunes, regarding them as his own, and extracting from disappointment consolation and lessons of wisdom, which made them appear like blessings. He was never at a loss for excuses for the follies and errors of youth, and was the confidant and friend of all unhappy lovers of the village.

To him, in my wretchedness, I ran, and luckily finding him alone, began:

"Oh, uncle, I am very unhappy."

"Which is just like everybody else when the world does not go to their mind; and a little time proves that all's for the best."

"Yes, uncle; but that cannot be so with me, for I am to be a soldier, and leave Rouen in four days, for my regiment, and—and I am very miserable!"

"Well, indeed, that is a fine cause for misery! A handsome fellow of twenty, in a lieutenant's uniform, would, by most people, be thought not very unlucky, as things go now in our poor France."

"But, uncle, it is not that. I am in love with the sweetest, dearest girl in the world, and if I leave Rouen, I shall lose her forever!"

"How is that? In my time lovers were separated for years, and reunited and married. Why can't you serve three or four years with your regiment, and then, being better fitted for a husband, return and make the sweetheart a wife? But who is this paragon? Do I know her?"

"No; although we have often talked of you; and yet I think you must have seen her. It is Eloise."

"Oh, the delightful conceit of youth! Eloise! as if one can guess who Eloise is! What is her family?"

"Tis Mademoiselle Durand."

"Ah, the tall, brown-eyed brunette. Yes, I have often seen her, and wished I was forty years younger. Nephew, I am well pleased so far; and, of course, she loves you?"

"There is the trouble, uncle. I can never tell if she prefers me to others, for she receives attentions and visits from many besides me."

"Then why don't you ask her? Of course she knows you are foolish about her, for women have an instinct that way, which enables them to detect the *grande passion* even before we men are ourselves conscious of it."

"I feel that she knows it, but I can never bring myself to tell her; and it seems to me I shall never—never have the courage to ask her if she loves me."

"I am ashamed of you! You, a lieutenant in the army of France, and my nephew! afraid to ask a velvet-eyed girl if she loves you! Well, well, let's see. Her family is not so good as yours, and your father will not consent to it. Besides, you cannot marry at twenty. There is no help for it; you must join your regiment, and if she loves you, and will promise to wait three years, you shall marry her."

"But, my dear uncle, three years, far away at Toulon, and never to see her—I would die!"

"I will manage that by getting you transferred to another regiment near Paris, so you can meet betimes. And now I will tell you something more. The colonel of your regiment has a daughter, a fine girl, who will bring her husband a handsome dowry, and your father intends her for you. 'Tis a good match; and, to tell you frankly, I am sorry your Eloise makes her appearance. But, *Vive l'Amour!* It may be a folly, but of all the sorrows men suffer, I think they bear those most uncomplainingly which are the consequences of a love attachment."

"But, uncle, suppose she rejects me?"

"Then thank heaven for it. 'Tis surely preferable to be made miserable, by a lady's refusal, for a short time, than, by marrying her, be wretched during life. But don't be foolish! Go and tell Eloise you love her. She knows it already, but it is expected to be told. If she accepts you, as I doubt not, get her to write it, and bring me the paper, and I promise you, that in spite of all the grantees of France who may woo her, in spite of your father and everything, you shall marry her in three years!"

I left him with an idea—the first clever one I had had for many weeks. I wrote a letter to Eloise; that was not very new or difficult, for I had written her a hundred already, which, after carrying and fumbling for days, had all been torn in pieces. I bought a bouquet of white roses and concealed my letter in it!

At this moment I recall every word of that letter! The avowal of my undying passion, and

begging her, if she cared for me, to wear one of the white roses in her bosom at church on the following day, and then I would have the courage to tell her all my plans for our future happiness.

Well, monsieur, on the next day, at church, Eloise was there, and smiled as kindly as ever, but she had no white rose in her bosom. I rushed insanely into the streets, and in a few days my uncle carried me, half-unconscious, and indifferent as to what became of myself, to Toulon, remaining there in camp with me and the young officers; and it ended in his persuading me, in three months, that Eloise had never cared for me; and when I pleaded that she always seemed so happy to see me, he would say, "Yes, women like to have everybody love them, but there are some persons they do not love."

But to be brief: in time I almost forgot Eloise, and at the end of twelve months married the colonel's daughter, who died seven years afterward. And here I am, now, quite alone in the world, for my uncle has been dead a long time, and, foolish as it is, I often find myself thinking of Eloise, and wondering what my life would have been had she loved me.

"And you never heard what became of her?" said Madame Chanson, wiping her eyes, with emotion.

"No, not a syllable, and I have never even inquired."

"But your name, then, was not Lascelles?"

"No; that is the name of my uncle, and his estate, which I inherited on taking his name. My name was Eugene Harois."

"Exactly," said madame.

"How, exactly, madame?"

"Well, if you will wait a minute, I will tell you what became of Eloise. Firstly, she loved you."

"But the white rose I wished her to wear in her bosom?"

"She never saw your letter. Your strange departure from Rouen cost her much sorrow—indeed, illness. But, like you, in time, she married—Monsieur Chanson."

"Monsieur Chanson. Henri Chanson?"

"The same, whose widow I am."

"What, you!—Eloise Durand?"

"Yes, as certainly as you are, or was, Eugene Harois!"

There was a moment's pause, and the old gentleman, looking sadly in the face of our hostess, said, slowly: "To think that the time has come when we did not recognize each other!"

"But the bouquet?" I asked, for the first time opening my lips.

"The bouquet? Wait a minute," said madame. "I will fetch it."

Hastening into the house, she returned quickly, carrying in her hand a faded bouquet of white roses.

Monsieur Lascelles excitedly cried, "Untie it! cut it!" and with trembling hands she unwound the ribbon, and there dropped out a letter which had been hidden for forty years. I picked it up; but neither of them cared to take it, and silently regarded it as one does the cause of an irreparable misfortune. Placing the letter on the chair between them, I retired for a few minutes to the garden, well believing that the ill-starred lovers would rather be alone. Returning, I saw madame rise, and, placing her hand in Monsieur Lascelles's, said: "Go now, and do not come for three days. We have much to reflect upon, and, at our time of life, should be wise."

Six months later, happening to be in Paris, I could not repress a curiosity to know of my old friends; and, going down to Fontainebleau, at evening time, inquired at Madame Demolet's.

"He has just gone to his friend's house," she answered; and taking the well-known walk, I soon saw the happy old people at their game of dominoes; and later, we all talked, as thought Maud Muller, of "What might have been."

THE ONLY CONQUEST OF KONIGSTEIN.

In the autumn of 1848, I visited Saxon Switzerland, and of course I did not omit to ascend the famous Königstein. My guide was telling me about the various prisoners who had passed long years of captivity within the walls, when we found ourselves on the spot where the notorious alchemist Klettenburg paid with his life for having deceived his prince.

And here is also the place, where, in March last, the chimney-sweeper got into the fortress," said my guide.

On hearing this I eagerly stepped to the breastwork, and gazed down into the valley below; then turning to the guide, said:

"But how is this possible? How could any one clamber up this steep rock?"

"Well, sir, it appeared incredible to us," answered the man, "but nevertheless, it is a fact. Look, there in that cleft he managed to climb up, and after resting himself on the crag you see just below the breastwork, he got safely in. And he did all this in full daylight."

Again I looked below, and the sight made my blood run cold. We were on the east side, facing the village of Königstein and the Elbe, where the precipice is about four hundred feet high, and then rocks less steep form the base of the mountain, giving the fortress a total elevation of one thousand four hundred feet. As I looked at the wall of rock, it was difficult to believe that any one really could have performed the feat.

Ten years later, on my road from Prague, I was steaming down the river toward the Saxon capital, and as Königstein came in view, I thought of the chimney-sweeper's extraordinary ascent. I stepped to the side of the vessel, and measured with my eye the enormous height of the rock. A young man was standing near me, and as he seemed to be looking with interest at the fortress, I turned to him, and asked him whether he thought it within the bounds of possibility that any one could get up that rock except by the usual path?

"Why shouldn't he?" replied the young man.

"Ten years ago, I myself had a try at it."

Astonished at this, I examined my companion more closely. His figure was small, but powerfully built, and he appeared to me about thirty years of age. At first I thought he could not have understood what I was speaking about, and I explained that I meant the rock of Königstein, but he quickly said:

"Yes, I know; and from where we are now, I can show you the cleft in which I climbed up."

"Which you climbed up?" I stammered. "Do you mean to say, then, that you were the very chimney-sweeper who—"

"Indeed, I am the very man," smiled my companion, "and if you would like to hear all about it, I shall have great pleasure in telling you."

Of course I gratefully accepted the offer; so drawing our deck-stools together, we lighted fresh cigars, and he began the story:

I don't think I need tell you much about my apprenticeship and journeymanhood, for all chimney-sweepers are wild and venturesome young rascals; so suffice it to say, that I was one of the wildest, and surpassed all my companions in fool-hardy tricks. I always pleased my masters as far as doing my work went; but my mad pranks had a different effect, and consequently I never remained long in one place. It happened then in 1848, when about eighteen years old, that I was out of employment. My parents had lately died, and I found that if I did not wish to starve, I should have to look out quickly for fresh work. Just then the Saxon-Bohemian railway was being made, and I was lucky enough to get engaged on the line near the village of Königstein.

I arrived on the Saturday, quite penniless, and as my work was only to begin on the Monday, I had no idea how to exist in the meantime. After much trouble, however, I managed to arrange with the innkeeper, in consideration of my giving my passport into his keeping, for a shake-down in the stable, and something to eat for supper. When I awoke next morning the bells were already ringing for church. My first thoughts were how I was to get the day over. Into the inn-parlor I dared not go, for I had nothing to pay with, so I sauntered out into the open air to see what the country was like. Before me stood the majestic fortress, which of course immediately attracted my attention, and I started off toward it. I asked some people whom I met whether I could go into the fortress, and the answer was that if I had a friend inside I might, but if not, I must pay a thaler admission. But I had neither one or the other, so contenting myself with the view of the exterior, I turned from the path and wandered up the lower part of the rock. After some time I found myself on what they call the patrol's walk, which runs round the foot of the deep sandstone rock, on which the fortress itself is built. As you may see from here, it is the east side, and the steepest part of the rock.

I stood and looked up at the wall of rock above me, and whilst so doing, a conversation that had taken place during my apprenticeship between my master and an assistant occurred to my mind. They were talking about Königstein, and the assistant said that, in his opinion, it was possible to get into the fortress without going the usual road through the gateways. I remembered how my master quietly shook his head, for no doubt such a thing was incredible to him, whilst I listened wondering. But now here I was at the foot of the rock and looking up the very clefts and fissures of which our assistant had spoken. As quick as lightning the thought occurred to me to climb up the rock myself; and besides, I reasoned, it might be the means of getting me out of all my embarrassments, because after I got up I should get admired for my achievement, and they would no doubt give me something to eat, and perhaps even money in reward for my daring. And it also struck me that I might possibly meet my brother up there, as he had gone for a soldier some time ago.

Without further delay, then, I prepared for the ascent. I looked carefully up at the fissures in the rock; only one went quite up to the top. I noticed it was bridged over by the breastwork; but this seemed so small, that I thought, once there, I could easily spring over the wall. My boots would, of course, impede me in climbing; so I took them off and hung them round my neck, letting them fall on my breast. My stick I left leaning against the rock, and then I got into the cleft and began to climb up as if I was in a chimney.

I do not know, sir, whether you have ever seen a chimney-sweeper climb. We make use, principally, of the knees, pressing them against one side of the wall and our backs firmly against the other side; and so we shove ourselves up the chimney. The hands have to hold the brush, so we hardly make any use of them when climbing. In this way I got on famously. The cleft was, on an average, perhaps about one yard wide; but sometimes it got very much narrower, and sometimes it widened to one and a half yards in width. Before and behind me was rock, on the left was the Elbe, and on the right the inside of the cleft, which was gradually growing narrower as I got higher. I had to keep as near as possible to the outside of the fissure, for further in it was too wet and slippery.

As yet I was not in the slightest degree tired; and as I went on at a quick pace, I had got a considerable way up when it struck ten in the little town below. Here and there shrubs were growing in my way, particularly little gooseberry bushes; but being only superficially fixed on the rock, they gave way at the slightest endeavor to hold on by them. I still continued mounting higher and higher; but now I began to have to stop often, in order to get fresh strength. About half-way up I found a large block of sand-stone jammed in the cleft, most probably having been dislodged from above during the building of the breastwork, and in its fall it had stuck where I found it. I tried if it was firm, stepped on it, sat down on it, but it

did not move; and now that I could comfortably rest myself, I seemed to gain fresh strength.

There I was now with my back to the rock, and enjoying the magnificent view. Deep down below lay the little town; whilst the Elbe glistened in the sunshine, and the boats on it looked like nutshells. Opposite to me rose the Lilienstein; but I am forgetting, sir, that we have almost the same prospect before us now, and what need have I, therefore, to describe it to you? Well, I got into my cleft again and was steadily climbing on, when suddenly something cracked in the cleft below me, and it seemed as if the whole rock was shaking. Horror-stricken, I stopped short. The rock, which had so opportunely afforded me a resting-place, evidently loosened through my weight, had fallen crashing to the depth below. Only a few minutes sooner, and I should have lain there at the bottom, smashed to pieces. A cold shudder ran through me as I gazed down. Don't think, sir, however, that this made me nervous; for chimney-sweepers are used to unforeseen dangers, and fear is only known to us by name.

Again I applied myself energetically to my work, and, in spite of the rocky cleft, being in some places almost too wide and in others almost too narrow, I still kept rising; but the time began to appear very long to me, and it seemed as if I had been days sticking in this miserable place. If I should become giddy! If I should slip out of the cleft, I am irretrievably lost! I look up above me to see if I am near the top, but there is a turn in the rock and I cannot ascertain. A feverish impulse urges me on. Higher! higher! The cleft gets wider and wider, and now I must stop, for I cannot stretch across it. I look upward once more, and, to my great joy, see the breastwork; but what appeared so insignificant from below, I find now to be a formidable arch spanning my cleft and presenting an apparently insurmountable barrier. What am I to do now? I feel a cold perspiration cover me as death looks up from the frightful depth below. Once more I nerve myself; I climb as far as possible round to the outward side of the cleft, to see if there can be any possibility of escape. A short distance from me there is a projecting ledge, and if that can only be reached! The ledge bends toward the cleft, and the narrow points of it seem to come within half a yard. Is it possible that this is to be my rescue?

Slowly I stretched out my hands, and my fingers grasped the point of the rock like cramp-irons. As soon as I had my hands firmly fixed, I gently drew my body round, and, in another minute, I was hanging against the perpendicular rock, four hundred feet high, and depending entirely on the strength of my fingers. But, in this awful moment, I did not lose my presence of mind, and I knew that I was at my last chance. Gripping first with one hand and then with the other, and then with bent arms creeping further on, I gained my point. Then raising myself up, I put the upper part of my body on the ledge, and I was saved.

It was a considerable time before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to think of the completion of my journey. On examining my position, I found that the ledge was about three yards wide, and immediately above it rose the breastwork, about four yards high. This wall was built of large sand-stone blocks set together with mortar, but the wind and weather had, in the course of years, considerably worn away the mortar from between the stones. I hung my boots round my neck again, but this time in such a way that they rested on my back; then inserting my fingers in the spaces left by the mortar, and sticking my toes in below, I raised myself up the wall. The two top stones were quite smooth, and so inclined that they resembled a roof, but between these luckily I found a crevice large enough for me to stick my hand in. I tried first to creep through one of the embrasures for the cannon; but finding this built of smooth stones, I had to decide to get over the higher part of the castellated battlements.

"With my right hand grasped firmly in a crevice, I swung out my left to try to lay hold of the corner. I was successful; my left hand fastened like a vice on the top corner, and then with the help of my right I raised my body, and—gazed into the very inside of the fortress. Opposite me stood a house; behind that some trees, and right and left the sentinels, who were pacing in my direction. In a moment I crouched down with my head below the parapet, and the sentinel paced back again without noticing me.

As I was clinging in this way, like a shadow to the wall, holding myself up to the battlements by my arms, the clock below in the town struck twelve. All at once a fit of trembling seized me. We chimney-sweepers know too well, sir, what that means. All one's strength seems suddenly to go; the brain whirls, the hands and feet are drawn up together, as with the cramp, and the next moment down you crash. I felt it was now or never, and giving a tremendous spring, I dropped over into the fortress. At the same moment a fearful pain shot through me. An iron spike on which I must have jumped had penetrated between the little toes of my right foot, and torn the half of them off. The loss of blood put the finishing stroke to my strength, and, completely exhausted, I sank on the path.

In a little time the sentinel noticed me; and I have no doubt my peculiar dress, made up out of an old soldier's coat, black trousers, and a velvet cap, appeared suspicious to him, for he immediately saluted me with:

"Who goes there?"

"Sebastian Abratsky, from Mahlis," I replied.

"How did you come here?"

"Up there."

This seemed to amuse the soldier; but as he observed my whole appearance, with my wounded foot and the blood, he became serious and said he must arrest me. This was out of my reckoning, and I wanted to climb down the rock again, but of course I was prevented by my captor, and I had

to resign myself to my fate. The sentinel shouted to his comrade, telling him the extraordinary event, and then came the patrol, and by chance also the adjutant, and so I was marched to the guardhouse, the officer in front, then I with naked feet and my boots on my back, and behind me the guard.

I was almost in the last stage of exhaustion, and so hungry that I seemed to have only one wish, and that was to get something to eat. I mistook the officer in front of me for the commandant of the fortress, on account of his cocked hat, and I thought he could gratify my fearful longing; but he gave no answer to my entreaties. We soon arrived at the guardhouse, where the news of my daring adventure had preceded me, and crowds of soldiers were there to stare at the plucky chimney-sweeper. Presently the commandant appeared, and after a preliminary report, I was taken off to the prison called the Moor's Chamber, which is, however, better than one would imagine from the name.

Meantime my prayers for something to eat had not remained unanswered, and I need not tell you that I did not leave much of what they brought me. However, my dessert was terribly spoilt, for the door opened, and an officer entered, accompanied by a corporal and jailer, and I was chained hand and foot. In vain I assured them of my harmlessness; I cried and prayed, but it was of no use. The door shut again, and I was alone with my chains and my anything but pleasant thoughts. What was to come of all this? My heart sank at the thought of the future. I raised my hand; the chain rattled. On looking closer at the rings, I saw they were so made that they could easily be slipped off. At this my pride was aroused. "If I am to wear fetters," thought I, "at least they shall be such that oppress me." I called to the jailer, and he soon brought another chain.

The next morning, driven by the tediousness of my confinement, I was again examining my fetters, when I noticed that the lock was what they call a German lock; and with the help of a bent nail I succeeded in forcing it open; then, to the astonishment of the sentinel outside, I suddenly acquainted him that I had succeeded in freeing myself. In a minute, however, the sergeant of the guard appeared with another chain, and I was bound for the third time.

In the meanwhile a court-martial had assembled, and I was summoned to appear before it. By order of the president, my chains were at once struck off. I then had to undergo a strict examination. I was very composed, and told the officers quietly all that I have told you. At first it was feared there was some danger about, as no one would believe I had risked my life for so small a purpose; by-and-by, however, my innocence and harmlessness became apparent to all, and I was ordered to be conducted back to my quarters unfettered. I was now treated kindly, and they bandaged my wounded foot.

Ten days after my arrest, a patrol appeared at my door, and as they led me out, I found the commandant outside with the adjutant and the head mason. I had to indicate precisely the spot where I had entered the fortress, and then we descended the hill by the usual road, and I had to show them the cleft in the rock up which I had clambered. Whilst doing this, I offered to undertake the same journey again, but they informed me that one attempt was enough for them. I was then conducted back to my prison. The next day I was again brought before the court, and formally set at liberty, with the information, however, that I should have to betake myself to my native place. I was to look upon the confinement, which had now lasted twelve days, as a punishment for my audacity. Some compassionate persons had, meanwhile, collected a sum of money to serve for my journey. The sergeant then conducted me to the gate, gave me my passport, and I was once more a free man.

You may imagine what a pleasant time my homeward journey was; and it was also very profitable, for wherever I went I had to relate my adventure, after which, something handsome was always collected for me.

And now, in conclusion, I must prove to you that I am in reality that very chimney-sweeper.

With these words my companion took a passport out of his pocket-book, and I read the following:

"The bearer of this, John Frederick Sebastian Abratsky, who has lain here in arrest from the 19th inst. till to-day, on account of unauthorized entrance, in, after due investigation, directed to return to his home at Mahlis, via Dresden and Wildstruf.

Fortress Königstein. 31st March, 1848.

"The Court-martial Royal in the said fortress."

I took a copy of this interesting document, and gave him the passport back, which, I noticed, he carefully placed again in his pocket-book. Just then the steamer arrived at Pilnitz, and I had to take leave of the daring climber.

"A happy journey to you, sir," he called out from the bank, and in a few seconds he was out of sight.

The Burial of the "Ancient," by the Sophomore Class of '70, of Columbia College, New York City, June 15th.

THE Sophomore Class of '70, of Columbia College, in this city, performed the ceremony of burying the "Ancient," on Monday evening, June 15th. The procession formed at about eleven o'clock, at the monument erected to Maj. Gen. Worth, in Fifth avenue, and proceeded on its way to the college grounds, in Forty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, headed by the band, the Grand Marshal, and torch-bearers. The students, to the number of two hundred, formed themselves in platoons of ten abreast, and were plentifully supplied with lighted torches. After the orator and poet came the undertakers with long faces and measured tramp, and then the bier, on which was borne a coffin containing the "Ancient," and covered with a fringed pall. Lights of various colors were kept burning

at the head of the bier, which, with the large display of torches, and the most solemn music of the band, aroused the sleepers in the neighborhood through which the mysterious procession passed, and brought the police in breathless haste from their beats. The bier was followed by a woeful-looking individual, who had aspired to the honor of chief-mourner for the occasion, and a very ministerial personage with an immense white neckerchief and a long black gown.

Having arrived at the college, the procession entered the grounds, and formed a circle around the funeral urn, the bier with its delicate burden being placed near the granite pedestal which supports the urn. At a signal from the marshal, the band struck up "Old Hundred," and the students accompanied the music with an original funeral song, after which the funeral oration—a fitting tribute to the memory and services of the late lamented, and an eloquent eulogy on those who had accorded the "Ancient" a hearty and persistent support, was delivered in the most impressive manner. The "Ancient" was then removed from its receptacle, a large wood fire was kindled, and the departed was tenderly laid in the midst of the hissing flames, amid refrains of the Dead March by the band. Our illustration represents the marshal inurning the ashes, which was done by scooping the dust and bits of charcoal into the urn with a very uncouth-looking fire-shovel, while the assembly sang a mournful requiem to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

These exercises were witnessed by a large company of the students' lady friends and other invited guests, from the college windows, and at their conclusion the procession again formed in line, its members turning their coats, and supplying themselves with a powerful array of tin horns, pans, kettles, cracked bells, superannuated trumpets, and clanking chains. The order was given to serenade the professors of the college, and the procession accordingly moved on, amidst the most direful rattling of tinware and horrible screeches from the funeral party.

THE WEDDING RING.

AN old English ritual required the ring to be placed successively on the thumb, the forefinger, and the middle finger, to symbolize the doctrines of the Trinity. This was to be done as the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," were pronounced, and with the word "Amen," the ring was to be placed on the fourth finger, where it was to remain. The old writers on this subject delight in finding mystical reasons for every part of the marriage ceremony, and not content with repeating the ancient superstition respecting the left hand, they declare, in addition, that this hand was chosen, as inferior to the right, in token of the servitude and subjection into which the bride is brought by matrimony. Dr. Johnson appears to have held a similar opinion, since he somewhere defines a ring "as a circular instrument, placed upon the noses of hogs, and the fingers of women, to restrain them and bring them into subjection. Nevertheless, it is quite in keeping with that apparently boorish and cynical, but really most tender and kindly man's character, that he never treated his own wife otherwise than with the most affectionate respect.

We learn from Southey's "Table Book," that during the reign of George I., the wedding-ring, though placed upon the customary finger at marriage, was afterward worn on the thumb. In the portrait of Lady Ann Clifford, the famous Countess of Pembroke, the ring is worn on the thumb. Wedding-rings were not always worn plain, as now, but at one time more nearly resembled modern betrothal tokens in being chased, set with stones, and inscribed with emblems and mottoes. The most common emblem was the clasped hands. Posies and mottoes were more frequent than emblematical devices or jewels.

The ring is used in all ceremonies of Christian marriage, except in the Society of Friends; but even many Quaker ladies wear a wedding ring after, although it is not employed during the marriage ceremony. The wedding-ring does not obtain amongst the Mormons; probably from economical reasons. There is no trace of this custom in the Talmud, nor in ancient Jewish history; but the modern Jews have not only adopted the wedding-ring, but make it a most important feature in their marriage service. According to the ordinances of modern Judaism, it is required to be of a certain value; it is therefore examined and certified by the officiating Rabbi and chief officers of the synagogue, when it is received from the bridegroom, whose absolute property it must be, and not obtained on credit or by gift. After this, it is returned to him, and he is permitted to use it, if certified, for the marriage ceremony.

In the English Church, a ring is absolutely necessary to the ceremony, but, as no metal is specified, silver, copper, or iron is allowable as gold. A ring of brass was employed some years since at Worcester. The marriage was celebrated in the registrar's office, and the registrar was threatened by some over-officious persons with a prosecution, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, could not possibly have been sustained. A clergyman in a very poor parish employed a cunning ring in a case in which the parties were too poor to provide the necessary token and pledge which is enjoined in the Prayer Book. In Ireland, also, it is not uncommon, I am told, for the same ring to be used for many marriage ceremonies, which ring remains in the custody of the priest.

AN ENTIRE CONGREGATION POISONED AT A LOVE FEAST.—Never before, in the history of Naperville, Illinois, was such an excitement created as on Sunday evening, June 7th, when it was reported that the entire congregation of the Dunkard Church, who were celebrating a love feast, had been poisoned by eating meat prepared in a copper kettle, and allowed to remain there until the metal had become oxidized. Nearly every one in the village had a friend or a relative in attendance, and consequently there was a general rush for the church in question.

Upon entering the building the scene which met their gaze verified the reports. In different portions of the church were the sufferers, some sitting up, others lying down, the latter twisting themselves into all sorts of positions, rolling around the floor, and apparently suffering the most excruciating pain.

Medical assistance was at once summoned, but, as it was very limited, considerable time elapsed before all could be attended to. The stomach pump was brought into requisition, and those who gave evidence of suffering the most were considerably relieved by its use. It was found upon actual count that no less than one hundred and thirty were more or less affected, the major portion, however, but slightly, they having partaken of but a small quantity of the food. About twenty were found to be in a dangerous condition. These were removed to their homes, and every attention paid them, and before morning many of them were out of danger. Those who were but slightly affected, with some little assistance, got home, and in a short time were entirely recovered.

It seems that the members were celebrating a love feast. On Saturday a quantity of meat was cooked in a copper kettle. About one-half of it was eaten that day, and the remainder allowed to remain in the kettle until Sunday, on account of there being no other place to keep it. Some of the sufferers did not recover for two or three days, but now all are pronounced out of danger.

Was it a nugget like a toper?
Because it sticks to its quartz.

Personal Habits of Pius IX.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to a Paris newspaper from Rome: "The Pope is pretty tall and stout, without being obese. The furniture of his private room is a square table, with two chairs, and an arm-chair for himself. The room is very small, with a low ceiling, no curtains, and the walls covered with paper of the cheapest sort. Those of the grand official saloons are covered with silk. His bedroom has yellow curtains, no carpet, and a brick floor, with a little bedstead of iron without curtains. He is very neat in his person; his hands, which are half covered with white mittens, are particularly attended to. He rises at six o'clock, shaves himself, and says his Mass in a little private chapel, and then hears another. At eight o'clock he takes a small cup of chocolate, and at half-past eight o'clock receives his Ministers. Cardinal Antonelli comes every day to the Vatican, and when prevented from doing so, the Under Secretary of State, Monsignor Marini, takes his place. The other days of the week, the other functionaries in their turn transact business with him. At half-past ten o'clock the Ministers withdraw. The audiences then begin, and are not over till one o'clock. At two o'clock the Pope dines in his private apartments. His repast is of the most modest kind, and it always ends with a sweetmeat, of which all Italians are fond. From half-past two o'clock to three, he takes his siesta; at three o'clock reads his Breviary, and at half-past five o'clock goes out for a drive in a carriage with four horses, accompanied only by two young priests. If the weather permits, he alights and walks in the most retired parts of the city; nevertheless, he is followed by upward of two thousand persons, who walk after him in silence. When it rains, his Holiness proceeds to the galleries of the Vatican when the visitors have retired. He is a great lover of antiques, as proved by the researches and restorations he is continually making. On his return home at six o'clock, the audiences recommence, and last till ten at night, when he retires to sup. He goes to bed at eleven, and the next day goes through the same routine. Though advanced in years, he sings very well, and what is quite unknown even to many Romans, plays well on the violoncello. When I was received with my companion, the chamberlain plucked me by the sleeve to make me kneel. The Pope perceiving the movement, spared us the genuflection, and made us approach the table at which he was sitting. 'So then,' his Holiness said, 'you are two journalists, friends, going together to Naples?' He spoke about Naples, and asked us how we liked Rome, adding that people found themselves very free during their stay. He then took two photographic likenesses of himself, one for each of us, and with a shy smile, said, 'I am going to write something for the journalists,' and in a firm hand traced these words, '*Dilectis veridice Allice Deo*,' after which he held out his hand to us. His affability is extreme. He speaks French with as much accent as Rossini, and the impression he produced on me was that of a pleasant and tranquil old man, who appears to be but little occupied with external matters."

THE HOME OF GENERAL GRANT.—The home of General Grant is an agreeable one to the visitor, and plainly shows the nature and taste of the occupant. Tall walnut bookcases surround three sides of the library. Everything relating to the business of war is there, and histories in abundance. The usual display of fiction, essays, biography, philosophy, and works of general information and reference, line the shelves. On the mantel is a cigar-stand, a bronze statuette of a drummer, and another of a bugler. Engravings of Washington, Lincoln, Sherman, and Sheridan, and several photographs of Rogers' statues, are the only pictures in the room. Easy-chairs and lounges are placed carefully about the room, and the library is without doubt the most cheerful and inviting apartment in the house. A miniature saddle and trappings in bronze and silver is fastened to the cross sabres of the same metal. A bronze drum rests beside a stack of six-inch muskets; a cigar-case from the home of Burns, a half-dozen curiously formed and elaborately decorated pipe and cigar-holders; powder-horns, mounted in gold and silver, each having its separate history, and a hundred little articles of vertu adorn the tables and mantels. On a side table, in tin boxes, are the five military commissions of Colonel, Brigadier-General, Major-General, Lieutenant-General, and General, with the parchments of brevet ranks which Grant has received. Some very costly albums, prayer-books, and Bibles are also on the table. An oil painting of Sheridan, and one of McPherson, are prominently hung in the parlors, and a marble bust and an engraving of President Lincoln are also conspicuous.

GOING BACK ON THE UNDERTAKER.—A young clergyman who had just buried his wife was waited upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that Brother Smith had left his church and gone to the Methodists, "and Brother Smith does say that you, his own minister, have hurt his feelings so that he never can get over it." The tender-hearted shepherd was touched by this imputation, and eager to atone to the aggrieved sheep for any unintentional wrong he might have done him.

"So up he took his little crook,"
Determined for to find him—
which he did, sulking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry. After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skillful cross-questioning, the minister elicited the following: "Well, the fact is, I knew there wasn't much chance of your wife getting well, and I went to work two or three weeks before she died, so as to have it already, and made just the prettiest coffin for her that was ever turned out in this town. I'd took her measure a hundred times, sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I didn't say anything about it beforehand, 'cause my woman had a notion it would sort 'o cut you up. I don't know why, but when I heard that you telegraphed to Boston for one of them new-fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I couldn't set under your preachin' no longer; and 'set' he didn't."

A PHOTOGRAPHER OF Berlin, wishing to add to his stock a likeness of Julius Ebergényi, the prisoner, requested a friend in Vienna to procure one for him. His friend, unable to get what he wanted, sent him instead the carte-de-visite of the beautiful Princess Furstenburg, which the photographer copied, and sold in thousands as the likeness of the criminal. Most of the illustrated journals of Europe have accepted Princess Furstenburg's likeness as that of Julius Ebergényi, and the Princess has brought an action against the Prussian photographer for the discredit which he has thus innocently been the means of bringing upon her features.

Doré, the artist, was in a singular fix lately. He was one of the guests at the private ball given at the Tuilleries, and wished to hand the Princess Murat a chair. But, lo! the chair refused to stir. M. Doré pushed and tugged; the chair stirred not. On investigation, the chairs, although apparently fastened through this special salon, were found screwed to the floor. Prince Achille came up at this moment, and utterly regardless of the damage he inflicted on his imperial cousin's furniture, after a few more vigorous tugs, succeeded, with the assistance of M. Doré, in displacing the recalcitrant seat and handing it to the Menegrelian bride.

An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass, when a groom standing by began jolting him to put on plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by saying:
"Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

A MAN who was remarkable for nothing but the possession of a "bad temper," was told in a friendly manner that he was "irritable;" whereupon he demanded to know what was meant, upsetting the table in his eagerness to obtain an answer, and preparing to extort the same by a pugilistic process.



THE CHINESE EMBASSY AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON. - FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The Chinese Embassy at the Tomb of Washington, Mount Vernon, Va., June 10th.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 10th, the Chinese Embassy, accompanied by a number of Government officials, with their ladies, and the representatives of the press, paid a visit to the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The revenue cutter *Northerner* was placed at the disposal of the party, and at three o'clock started on her trip down the river, making a fine display, with the Chinese and United States flags flying on her quarter. As the vessel passed Forts Washington

and Whipple, a salute was fired from the batteries in honor of the party. The Chinese manifested much interest in the movements and arrangement of the machinery, and the revolutions of the wheels, and through the interpreters, plied the employees on the vessel with questions relating to speed, strength and durability of the boat, and the measures at hand to prevent disaster. Various objects and places of interest along the route were pointed out to the delighted guests, and when their attention was called to the shore on the right, and the remark made that at a short distance therefrom some of the most terrible struggles of the late war took place, they seemed to be impressed with a feeling of solemnity, and spoke at length of the bloody engage-

ments, showing they were not ignorant of the prominent scenes in the great rebellion. The cutter steamed to within half a mile of the landing-place at the Mount, the draught of the vessel preventing a further passage; the boats were lowered, and the ladies were handed in by the courteous officers, Capt. McGowan, and Lieuts. Rogers and Chase. The Embassy followed, observing the strictest etiquette during the disembarkation, and in a few moments the entire party were ashore. As the procession drew near the spot so sacred to the hearts of all Americans, all the gentlemen removed their hats, except the Chinese, who never uncover the head. The

The Young Women's Home of the Ladies' Christian Union, on Washington Square, New York City.

The benevolent institution organized in 1858 as the Ladies' Christian Association, and incorporated April 5th, 1866, under the title of the Ladies' Christian Union, has been, from its foundation, industriously fulfilling its mission of good will and charity. As one branch of its work, it has undertaken to provide Homes for young and unprotected women, who are dependent upon their own exertions for support. The society has already established one such Home, formerly located in East Fourteenth street, but on the 1st of May transferred to Washington square, north-east corner of MacDougal street. It is this establishment that is represented in our engraving.

Those who avail themselves of the protection and comforts of this Home must be young, unmarried, and furnish satisfactory testimonials of character, stating what employment they are engaged in, or that they intend to pursue, and, of course, promising to conform to the rules of the establishment. Applications for admission can be made to the Committee of Ladies, who meet at the Home on Washington square, on Friday,

from twelve to one o'clock, or by letter, to Mrs. Marsh, the Lady Superintendent.

Actuated by a spirit kindred to that of the Young Men's Christian Association, this society extends the hand of Christian fellowship to ladies of all denominations who desire to enter into bonds of Christian love and usefulness. A cordial invitation is given to such to attend the weekly devotional meetings, which are held on Wednesdays, at 11 A. M., in the Social Rooms, over the chapel of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, Thirty-fourth street, corner of Sixth avenue.

Such charitable enterprises are, more or less, dependent on the good will and assistance of communities and individuals that are practically philanthropic, and the managers of the Ladies' Christian Union appeal to their friends, and to the benevolent public generally for contributions to aid them in enlarging their sphere of usefulness. We earnestly echo this appeal in behalf of a charity so worthy of encouragement and support.

The officers of the society are: Mrs. E. L. Hall, Honorary Directress; Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, First Directress; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Dyne, Second Directress; Mrs. Henry W. Johnson, Third Directress; Miss Emily Anthon, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Sarah B. Hills, Recording Secretary; and Miss M. J. Valentine, Treasurer.



YOUNG WOMEN'S HOME OF THE LADIES' CHRISTIAN UNION, WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y.

tomb was reached, and the distinguished foreigners viewed it with manifestations of the utmost reverence. They examined the marble sarcophagus containing the remains of our first President, through the iron bars at the entrance to the tomb, and requested a translation of the inscriptions. They then entered the old mansion of Washington, and went through all the old rooms. They sat on the worn-out hair-covered sofa, strummed on the ancient harpsichord, examined the old globe whose astronomical lines are barely discernible, and peered in at the key of the old Bastille of Paris, which Lafayette presented to Washington.

The party returned to Washington at an early hour in the evening, and were unanimous in expressing the pleasure afforded by the trip.



THE NEW CLUB HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, AT CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND. SEE PAGE 243.

HOME INCIDENTS. ACCIDENTS, &c

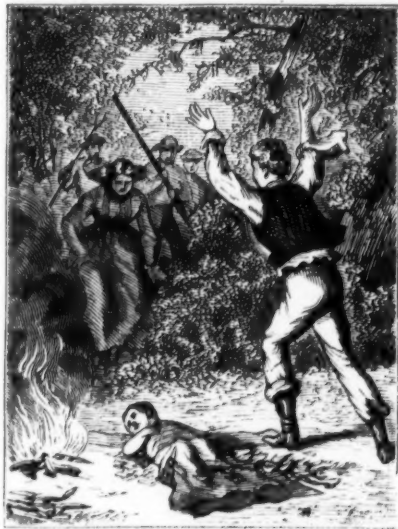


A PICTURESQUE WEDDING SCENE.

HOME INCIDENTS.

A Picturesque Wedding Scene.

A very romantic little scene was successfully enacted a few days ago, with the assistance of the Rev. Henry W. Beecher, at New Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J. Llewellyn F. Haskell, a valorous young soldier, who marched to the field with a musket on his shoulder, and returned, after participating in more than twenty severe battles, with a pretty golden star above each arm, had for several years laid siege to the affections of a worthy young lady, named Emma A. Gilmore. With charming appreciation of romance and of the



AN INSANE MAN KIDNAPS AN INFANT.

fitness of things, it was determined that the wedding should take place in the open air, in Nature's magnificent church, with the blue heaven for a dome, the trees for pillars, the grass-grown hill-top for an altar. A large audience assembled beneath a monster pine tree, in the loveliest portion of the fair park, just after the sun had advanced sufficiently to whisper a roguish "good-morning" to the happy pair. The birds twittered merrily as they flew from bough to bough, and the stately trees waved a gracious acquiescence to the ceremony about to take place. The "Knight from out the castle drew," followed by a merry train of ladies and gentlemen, and slowly meandering his way to the moss-carpeted spot, paused while



A PANIC OF WILD ANIMALS.



THE MANIAC'S RIDE.

his followers deployed about him. As the eminent preacher pronounced the words that completed the interesting and necessary ceremony, a profusion of evergreens and fragrant flowers was scattered at the feet of the happy couple, and a most obstinate struggle ensued for hand-shakings, kisses, and congratulations.

An Insane Man Kidnaps an Infant.

For several months past an insane man has been seen prowling about Central Wisconsin, but, owing to his usually quiet deportment, few fears were entertained by the neighbors among whom he passed. Recently, however, he began manifesting symptoms of a dangerous nature, and mothers instinctively gathered their little ones about them, and urged them to remain in



OVER THE FALLS.

the house. A few days ago a Mrs. Schmidt laid her baby in its cradle, and proceeded to her work in another part of the house. While so engaged, the insane man crept noiselessly into the house, seized the child, and ran toward a piece of woods near by. The mother heard the screams of her infant, and rushed to the room, but was too late to save it. She aroused her neighbors, and a party was soon armed and in pursuit. At about daylight their search was rewarded. Attracted by a fire, they hastened to the spot, and there, warmly covered with leaves and an old coat, lay the infant, asleep, while the crazy man was singing a harsh lullaby. As the pursuers approached, he sprang to his



CAPTURE OF A SEA MONSTER.



BITTEN TO DEATH BY A HORSE.

feet with a yell and with savage oaths and shouted ried to intimidate them. The distracted mother, fearless of the consequences, rushed up to the crazy man, and clasped her baby to her breast. The man sprang toward her with an uplifted club, but he was overpowered before he could inflict any injury, and at his first opportunity he broke away from his captors and fled.

A Panic of Wild Animals.

A few days ago a menagerie company started from Milwaukee, Wis., where a series of performances had been given, for an adjoining city, and as the long procession was threading its way slowly, the wagon containing a lioness and several whelps was driven off the planks on the road, and rolled into a ditch. The horses becoming frightened at the accident, attempted to run away, and the wagon was pitched and jerked about in a pretty rough manner. The beasts, disturbed by their singular treatment, set up a dismal roar, which was heard by the other animals of the company, and in a few moments the growls, shrieks, and fury of the wild animals became terrible. The cage of the lioness was broken by the fall, and the trainmaster at once sent for the tamer who had charge of the cage, and efforts were made to raise the cage, and remedy the damage. In so doing, the leg of one of the whelps got fastened between the bars, and it quickly made known its pain by pitiful cries, at which the mother sprang up in great anger, and dashed to and fro in her narrow apartment, throwing herself forcibly against its sides, and causing a general panic among the animals by her deafening roars. The lion-tamer bravely entered the cage, and soon discovered the cause of the mother's fury. The leg of the whelp was extricated, and the mother ceased her yells, and commenced licking the wounded foot. The camels and elephant, which had been stricken with the utmost fear, were, after much labor, quieted, and the caravan moved on.

The Maniac's Ride.

A few evenings ago, as one of the steamboats plying between Chicago and Milwaukee was approaching the latter place, an insane woman disappeared. She had been in charge of friends, who, judging from her quiet, unobtrusive deportment that she would attempt no violence, relaxed their vigilance. As soon as her disappearance became known, lights were brought, and search made through all parts of the boat, but without success, and it seemed quite apparent that the unfortunate woman had jumped overboard. While this conviction was gaining ground, a person detected a singular shadow thrown against the paddle-box, and moving in an easy, see-saw manner. Lanterns were hastily brought to the spot, when, lo! the insane woman was seated on the walking-beam, as gracefully and with as little concern as if it were a side-saddle on a gentle horse. She appeared highly delighted with her exercise, and great difficulty was experienced in dislodging her from her dangerous position, for, as soon as the engine began slackening its speed, she appeared indignant, and made motions with her body as a boy, with a rocking-horse, to have it go faster, and threatening to jump off if it did not. She was rescued, however, without receiving any injury, and to the great relief of the passengers, who had scarcely breathed after she was found.

Over the Falls.

Two young women, named Miss Albina Knights and Miss Ellen M. Cary, both operatives in a large woolen mill at Cavendish, Vermont, recently proposed crossing the millpond in a small boat with the intention of enjoying a fine sail. Having completed their preparations, they entered the boat and pushed off, waving their handkerchiefs to some friends whom they were unable to persuade to accompany them. They had been rowing but a short time when they perceived that the current, which was always strong at that point, was rapidly carrying them toward the dam, but the fact did not appear to intimidate the adventurers, and they were borne nearer the dangerous spot. As they approached to within a few rods of the dam, they suddenly became aware of their peril, and Miss Cary frantically sprang from the boat, and was borne over the falls to her death. Her companion remained in the boat, and was carried with it in its fatal plunge. Both were seen below the dam, as the current drifted them into the rocky gorge known as Cavendish Falls, but they were beyond the reach of assistance, and in a few moments their bodies sank beneath the seething waters.

Capture of a Sea Monster.

A party of colored men were recently engaged in fishing in Charleston harbor, near the wreck of the gunboat Housatonic, and while relieving the tedium of the exercise, one of the men suddenly remarked that he felt an unusually strong bite on his line. Supposing a good fat fellow was nibbling the bait, and unwilling to lose the fish, the man thought he would play awhile, and then draw his booty in. In a few seconds the line became slack, and almost instantly an extraordinary sea monster leaped out of the water and fell in the fishing-smack. The men were horrified at the sudden appearance of the singular creature, which, owing to its furious conduct, they were obliged to kill in self-defense. The monster measured nine feet four inches in length, and five feet ten inches in breadth; had a square head, with large square eyes, and a belly perfectly white. The upper part of the fish was covered with jet black stripes, running from head to tail, and ringed streaks across the body. The monster is supposed to belong to the class Cephalopoda Vampirus, or devil-fish, which abound in South Carolina, and are captured only by the most desperate and continuous exertions. They swim near the surface of the water, and frequently lift both of their bat-like wings above the surface. Their movement in the water is very graceful, and their bodies yield a large amount of oil.

Kicked to Death by a Horse.

A gentleman residing in the vicinity of Raleigh, N. C., while taking an afternoon ride upon a horse he had recently purchased, was suddenly thrown from the animal to the ground and considerably stunned. As he attempted to rise, the horse dashed at him, reared on its hind legs, and knocked him down with one of its fore feet. The man became alarmed at the vicious temper manifested by the horse, and again attempted to regain his feet, but the horse detected the movement, and approaching, pushed him violently against a tree, stamped on his breast, and bit him severely on his right arm. The unfortunate rider shouted for assistance as long as sensibility remained, but none came to him, and the horse continued its stamping until life became extinct. When found, the body was a mass of bruises and congealed blood, and the arm was torn and wrangled shockingly. The horse was found, several days after the discovery of the body, about seven miles from the fatal scene, and was quietly feeding on the grass on the roadside.

Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? Because he is always going to sea.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

STUTTERING BEN, who was toasting his shins, observing that the oil merchant was cheating a customer in some oil, called out to him: "Jim, I c-can t-tell you how t-to s-sell j-just t-twice as much o-oil as you do now." "Well, how?" groaned he. "Fill your measure."

A GENTLEMAN with an inquisitive mind, being recently struck with the offer per bill in a parlor window to teach Hebrew at a remarkably low figure, stepped in, and met an old acquaintance, who at once thought it wise to be candid, and confessed thus: "Well, you see, sir, this is an honest way of getting a living. Every Monday and Wednesday I take lessons myself, and every Tuesday and Thursday I give the same lessons to others. It pays me, and at the same time I am learning something myself." The gentleman asked, "But why not apply yourself to some modern language, such as French, Italian or German? I should think that you would get more pupils than you do for Hebrew?" "Oh no," he replied; "Hebrew is the dodge. Everybody can teach French and German, but there's only a few as can teach Hebrew. You see, young chaps now-a-days pretend to be learned, and when they are contending against one another in Theological Seminaries and such places, the one as knows how to read Hebrew just puts a book into the other's hands, and says, 'Read that for me.' It's a licker at once. All the clever ones want to know is the alphabet, and then they can gammon others that they are Hebrew scholars."

On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove to prevent the passengers from meddling with the fire. A conductor being asked why they locked the stove, replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

A YOUNG lady whose father had successfully "struck it," boasts of the possession of a pair of earrings made from "lather," brought from Mount "Vociferous" during the recent "disruption."

An exchange, in commenting on the deficiency in subscriptions for a village hearse, says: "If there are any who have not yet subscribed, and are willing to take stock in the association, they can have an opportunity by calling on Eastman & Jones, or upon Hemmingsway & Hart. The hearse is now ready, and will be sent for as soon as the subscriptions are paid in. If some of our readers do not pay up, they may lose an opportunity of riding in it, and be compelled to take passage in a lumber wagon."

At the commencement of the last holiday season, the proprietor of a fancy store promised a suit of clothing to the clerk who should sell the most goods by Christmas. Among the many clerks was one called by his associates "Lucky Jonah." He could take a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend six cents. And the women—bless you! they just handed over their pocket-books and let him take out what he wanted.

His bed-fellow reports that "One night Jonah woke me up with: 'I tell you, old fellow, if you think that's got cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make it swear to its own wool.' 'Taon't wear out either. I wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they're as good now as when I put them on. Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you owe me nothing. Eh! too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight. What d'ye say? I shall I wear it? All right, it's a bargain.'"

"Jonah was talking in his sleep. I could hear his hand playing about the bed-clothes and then—rip—went something, and I had my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from top to bottom. When I woke up in the morning—alas! unkindest cut of all—I found that the back of my night-shirt was split from the tail to the collar band!"

A GOOD story is told of a sharp fellow, who unites in his own person the varied qualifications of preacher and penny-a-liner. A short time since he was expounding to a fashionable audience, and had just "knocked off" his first "head," when the chapel door was cautiously opened, and a policeman was seen to wag a finger in a beckoning manner. This bit of official waggonery had a most mysterious effect on the preacher, who rapidly huddled up the remainder of his discourse, and dismissed his astonished congregation. It subsequently transpired that the mysterious policeman was a friend of the preacher in his penny-a-lining capacity, and that he had called to give him notice of a serious colliery accident which had occurred in the district, and which the reporter—person "improved" to his own benefit in the columns of a number of papers, which he daily supplied with the news of his own locality.

A SHREW politician once gave a grand supper to some of his party friends, and while his guests were doing full justice to his liberality, he slipped from the room, and, calling his servant, inquired: "What wine did you put on the table?"

"The twenty-four, sir."

"Confound your eyes, you beast, that's the oldest wine in the cellar!"

"Yes, sir, I naturally thought you'd like to get rid of the holdest stuff!"

WHY does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? It has a pupil under the lash.

A DUTCHMAN and his wife were traveling; they sat down by the road, exceedingly fatigued. The wife sighed: "I wish I was in heaven!"

The husband replied: "I wish I was at the tavern!"

"Oh, you rogue!" says she, "you always want to get to the best place."

A WORTHLESS fellow who had long been prowling about the neighborhood, gaining a living by trickery, theft, and occasional jobs, was overheard muttering to himself as he passed along in front of well-filled show-windows:

"It's 'ard to be cold and empty, and twig all along the street."

The mutton and beef in winders, and you with a mouth to eat!

It's 'ard to be good on nothink—I've tried it—that 'ere's a fact, and it's 'ard that good folks can't see it—there ain't no grub in a tract."

An agent of an accident insurance corporation regales the public with the following authentic facts:

In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being insured in this company, he will receive \$15 a week until he recovers. Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck; he received his insurance, \$3,000 from the company, with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well. A boiler exploded at Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight; he will receive \$15 a day until he comes down again.

A MAN, accused of stealing some garments from a farm-yard, was defended by a local practitioner with so much success, that the jury returned a verdict of "Not proven." To the surprise of his lawyer, the prisoner seemed by no means in a hurry to quit the dock after the verdict was rendered. The man of law went up to him, informed him that he had been acquitted, and was at liberty to go away; but still the fellow kept his seat. A second time he was reminded that he was no longer a prisoner, but he remained immovable. At length, as the court was nearly emptied of the people who had been present during the trial, including the witnesses in the case, the prisoner whispered to his counsel:

"The fact is, man, I did not dare go sooner; I have on the pair of trousers that was stolen."

The prisoner had been placed in the dock wearing the clothes in which he had been apprehended, to enable the witnesses more readily to identify him.

The following conversation recently took place between two young ladies in the vicinity of a theological seminary:

"Jane, do you really believe that the students draw girls up to their rooms?"

"Certainly, my dear; more than that, I know they do."

"Pray, Jane, tell me why you think so?"

"Well, as I was going by the college one morning—it was just before light; 'twas very early in the morning—I heard a noise in the direction of the college buildings. I looked that way, and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket, about half-way between a three-story window and the ground. Just then the rope broke, and, Lord! down I came!"

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The new and elegant preparation of Cloverine so thoroughly surpasses the Benzine in cleansing and beautifying silk, velvets, laces, gloves, etc., that it has become a requisite to all ladies possessing a wardrobe of fashionable clothes. Unlike cleansing fluids in general, its odor is delightful.

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S. T.--1860.--X.

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To the Editor of the New York Herald:

RESPECTING THE RELICS OF PORCELAIN were found in the late excavations at Herculaneum, which have been forwarded to the Society of Antiquities in London, whereof your correspondent says the bottle resembling Drake's Plantation Bitters was undoubtedly placed among the ruins by the agent of Dr. Drake, we desire to state he is incorrect in every respect. If a bottle was found there bearing our lettering, the language of the Ancient Romans was different from the accepted literature of that day. Our Agent has other business than this in Europe, and has not been in Italy at all. No doubt Americans carry Plantation Bitters to Rome; but trying to impose upon a society of Antiquarians in this way, seems quite useless, and we do not appreciate the joke. It is unnecessary for us to spend money in Europe while we are unable to supply the demand for these celebrated Bitters here. Respectfully, P. H. DRAKE & CO.

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A NIP OF A MOSQUITO.

WICKED BORES! LITTLE CON-
temptible torment! I wish I could crush the race at a blow, including the grandfather. I have one consolation, for **WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT** stops the itching smart in one minute, and cures the carbuncles that rise up every time I am bitten. I know it, for I have tried it a hundred times. I keep a bottle in my pocket—oiled and ready—and evaporate out the tormenting poison when I get a bite. It will cure the bite of a bed-bug, too, and any one who says it won't tell a whopper lie.



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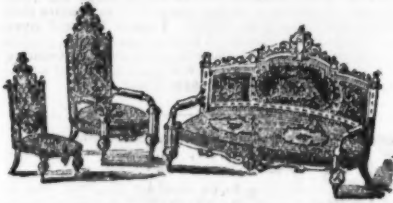
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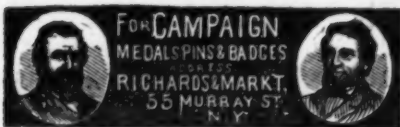
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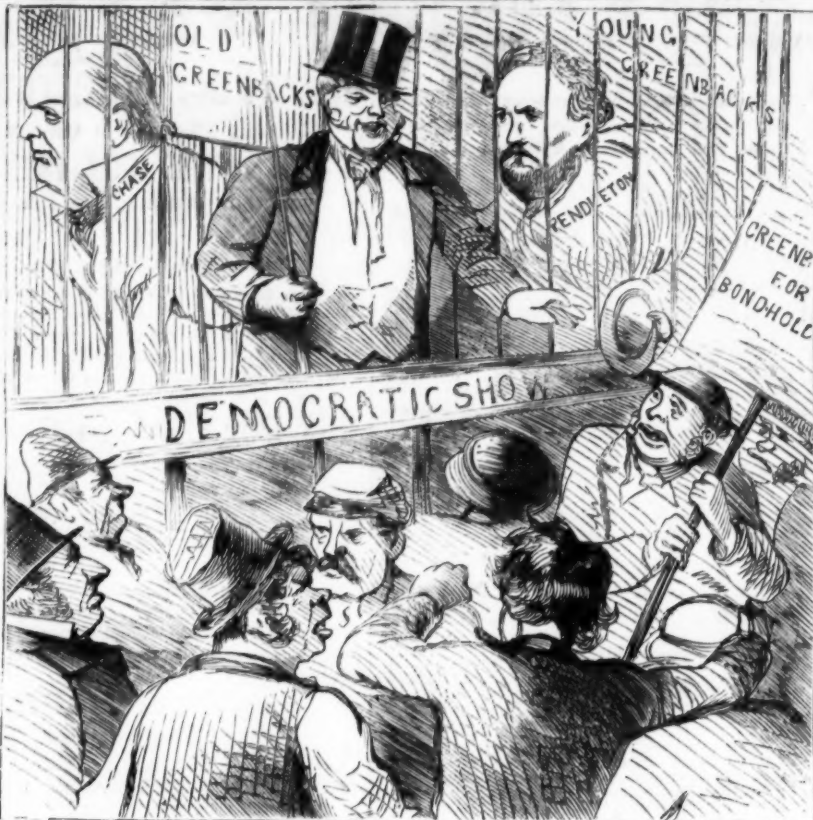
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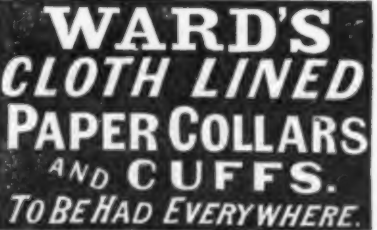
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